



Vol. CXCVIII No. 5158

February 7 1940

## Charivaria

Moscow messages rather suggest that the Russian Army will go down in history as the first army to advance backwards.

It is said that HITLER is very fond of highly-coloured cakes and pastries. Well, he was originally an interior decorator.

A new type of influenza is known as "Blitzkrieg flu."

So if you had a sore throat about the beginning of last September you can expect a day or two in bed any time now.

A man told a County Court judge that an astrologer predicted that he would fall on evil times. And sure enough, we understand, there were brokers ahead.



An old rugby player says that as a schoolboy in 1872 he played in a match that was watched by GLADSTONE. Inspired by the great statesman's presence he in later years perfected a very useful Gladstone collar.

Germans are complaining that the only cigarettes they can obtain now burn the tongue. We understand that owing to stringent black-out regulations it is compulsory to smoke with the lighted end in the mouth.



A picture of Herr HITLER celebrating GOERING's birthday has been received in this country. It is not known what honours passed between them.

"STOCKS STIFFEN AFTER SLIPPING IN WALL STREET"  
Heading in "Montreal Daily Star."

It might happen to anyone.

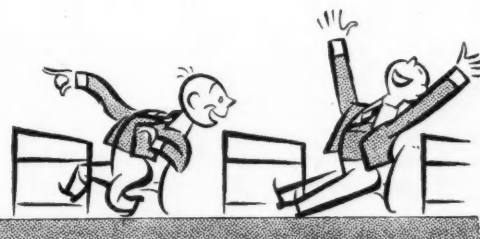
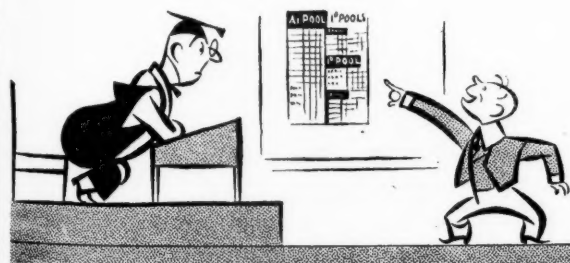
"This is a queer book which Mr. T—— has written. He himself explains the plan of it somewhat obscurely:

What concerns this book is not so much who wrote them travelled to the places which he paints. Did he?"—*Sunday Paper*.  
What do you mean, "somewhat"?

More schools are being re-opened all over the country. Education must go on, especially now that cigarette cards have been withdrawn.

A traveller says that the coldest hotel at which he stayed is in Siberia. But even there palms flourished in the vestibule.

A correspondent in a daily says that when visiting a famous school he was pained to observe pupils filling in football pool coupons instead of writing home. But perhaps they had tried writing home.



## Secret Service

OR, WHY I WASN'T HIMMLER'S FRIEND

I WAS never actually a member of the Gestapo, as so many modern writers appear to have been. My British nationality, my long residence in London, coupled with a natural disinclination to thrust myself into any position of extreme danger, my inability to learn the German language, and my dislike of German food, may have been partial deterrents; but beyond all these it was, I think, a realisation of the complexity of the organisation with which I should have been involved, and my constant failure to remember whether Herr Schunk of the S.A. was more important at any given moment than Herr Schwein of the S.S., that held me back from what might so easily have been a promising career.

The ant, it has often been observed, although the sluggard was recommended to make his acquaintance, is, in fact, a foolishly laborious beast. He crawls up a blade of grass lugging a part of a beetle with him, and then crawls down the other side, whereas it would have been simpler and more efficient to go round. And there is something very ant-like (if I am to trust what I read) about the German Gestapo.

"I found Herr Grubb seated at an enormous desk completely perforated with pigeon-holes. He fixed me with his auger-like eye (the other had been lost at the abortive beer-hall *putsch* of 1931 and was never discovered again), and I wondered vaguely what my first commission was likely to be. Herr Grubb, as I have pointed out previously, is the true driving force behind the S.L.A.P. which works now in conjunction with the S.S.F.S.S., and now in apparent unity with but real hostility towards the S.T.O.A.T.S., and is therefore a personality far more to be feared than Herr Blogg, whose secret influence with Herr Bummer is due to the fact that when the S.C.L.A.F. was first originated a great deal of the departmental work which had previously fallen to the lot of the district leaders of the P.I.P. was transferred in part to his shoulders and in part to those of Herr Gumm of the S.I.N.K. All this flashed through my mind as I stood, first on one leg and then on the other, waiting to know into what section of the alphabet I was about to be mysteriously removed.

Herr Grubb handed me a pistol and took a voluminous document from the steel waste-paper basket at his side.

'There are five thousand names on that list,' he said. 'Establish their contacts and write a complete dossier of each before Wednesday afternoon. There is no time for delay.'

I went out with my head in a whirl, and had hardly proceeded more than a hundred yards along the pavement when I observed that I was being followed by two men. I knew them both well. One was Herr Aug of the S.H.U.C.K.S., the other was von Bitter of the P.U.B.

I walked to the nearest restaurant and, hardly knowing what I did, sat down at a table and ordered a glass of beer. Unthinkingly I had placed my pistol on the table and the document I had been given by Herr Grubb on the floor.

Only a few moments elapsed before Herr Aug came up to me, lifted my pistol and placed it in my hand.

'Is this yours?' he said.

'Yes' ('Ja') I replied and, thanking him, I put it away in my pocket. The perilous nature of my occupation was now forcibly brought home to me. Ten minutes later von Bitter came across the room. He had seen the document which I had carelessly left on the floor.

'Don't leave that about,' he said ominously.

Assuming an air of unconcern I put it, with a forced laugh, into my hat. Within half an hour I was summoned to the telephone.

'Consider your orders cancelled,' said a voice which I knew instantly to be that of Herr Gumm.

'What about Herr Grubb?' I asked querulously.

'Herr Grubb has accidentally committed suicide. The papers he gave you are to be handed in immediately to the E.U.B.'

This was the dreaded Ersatz Underclothes Bureau, more terrible even than the P.I.P. or the S.C.L.A.F. I knew that I was in deep waters at last.

Next morning I heard that Herr Blogg had fallen down a well and von Bitter had been run over by a tram in the Boebblerplatz. My first adventure had proved more or less of a fiasco, but I reflected that I had not lost the confidence of Herr Gumm. How was I to know that before a month should elapse he was to be stabbed by Herr Bummer with a desk-file in the Head Office of the S.I.N.K., which had just been incorporated by Herr Hitler himself with the P.U.B.?

The more I study these matters, the more certain it seems to be that the present rulers of Nazi Germany are not to be regarded as the result of any obvious process of Nature such as the survival of the fittest, or the fattest, or the most foul, but rather as a complicated interweaving of chance and design in which bureaucracy and gangsterism has each played an undiscoverable share. The Third Reich, in fact, is dominated by a combination of the Laboriously Ineffectual and the Accidentally Unshot. EVOE.

(Another and still more striking article on the German Secret Service will be found on page 156.)

## Foreign Broadcasts

WHEN others turn in weariness  
From Hee-Haw's tedious voice,  
To Hamburg's wave, I must confess,  
Although I like him less and less,  
I often turn for choice.

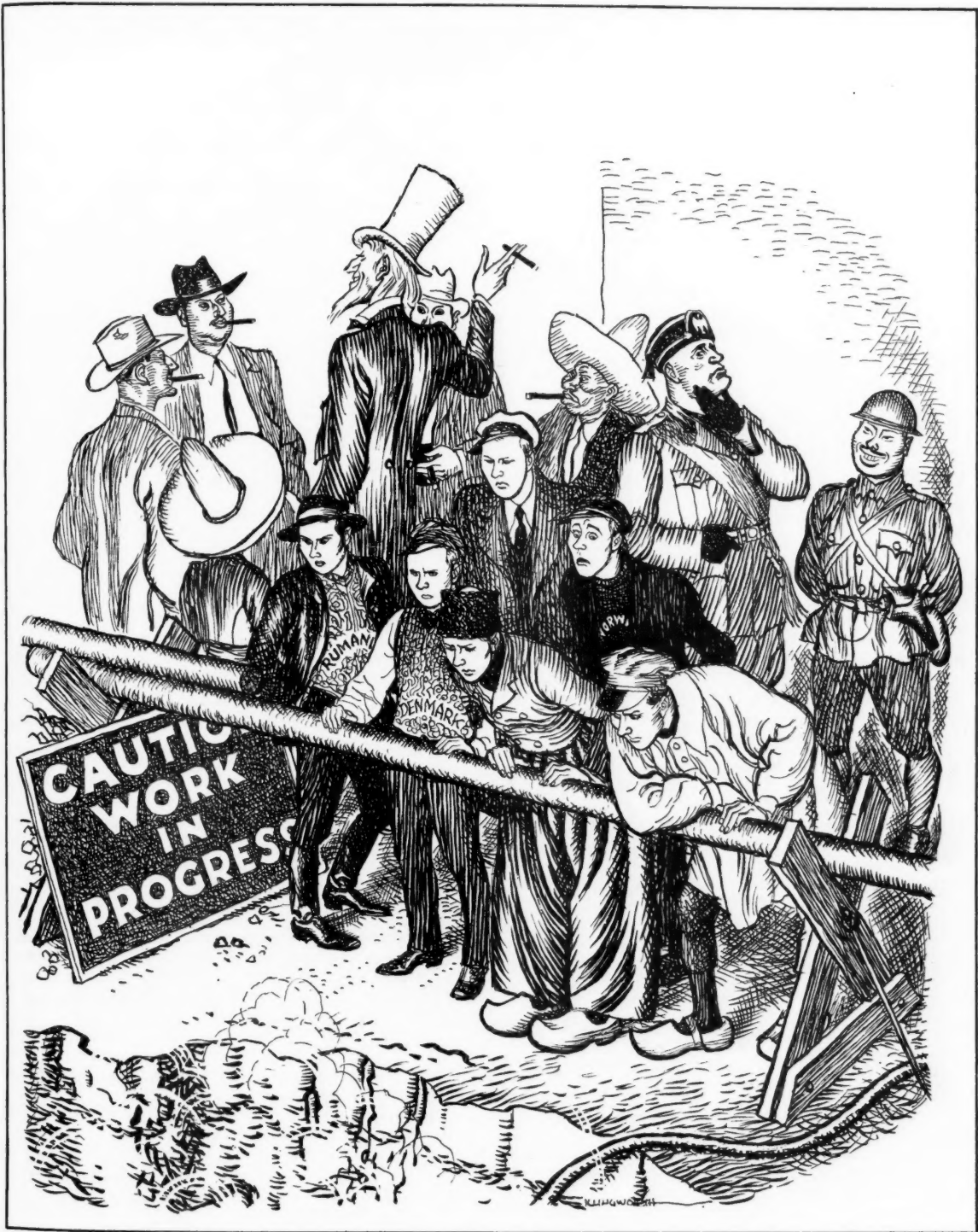
I like to feel that though for me  
He merely wastes his breath,  
Yet what I do at ease and free  
Is punished throughout Germany  
Invariably by death.

## Dig For Victory

"Comfortable, country Home offered gentleman. Low terms in return help dog."—Advt. in "The Church Times."

## On the Nudist Front

"The march of the Russian troops through to the Baltic resembled Lady Godiva's ride through the streets of Coventry."  
Daily Telegraph



LOOKERS-ON



*"Pedestrian, darling, I think—rather too bright for a car."*

### *Cracks in the Courts*

**W**HEN we honour with our presence the public gallery at the Wottenham or Tillesden police-court we occupy the whole row, and Aunt Tabitha always sits in the middle. From time immemorial this has been so. Probably there is some significance in it. We all talk very loud, but it is seldom indeed that all of us are thrown out at once, as happened last week.

Without these courts, as is well known, it would be impossible for the evening papers to fill up odd corners; for the principals in every case are incessantly making precisely those laughable remarks about their domestic affairs that it would leave an odd corner empty (as Aunt Tabitha unintelligibly but emphatically says) to be without.

Just as we thundered into the gallery at Wottenham on the occasion of which I speak, a man in the witness-box was saying "My wife is her husband as far as I can see what did her wife's mother, so of course."

The reporters wrote busily and there was some laughter, but Aunt Tabitha's thin uncle complained captiously that he didn't see the joke.

"You must learn to look for the funny side," said Aunt Tabitha briskly, sitting down with a crash (for her hip-pocket was full of walnut-shells). "Of course it's hard," she went on in an indulgent tone, "if you have not what I call the *inestimable blessing* of what I call a *sense of humour*, but even that disadvantage may be overcome by hard work.

I well remember when I was police-court reporter for the old *Daily Dozen*, what agonies I went through because I did not see the funny side. But I worked hard, I took notes, I studied in the evenings, and what was the result?"

"You became absolutely insufferable," observed her fat uncle drowsily.

At this moment, however, Aunt Tabitha's attention was distracted to the new occupant of the witness-box, a woman who now said: "Whenever my husband's mother her wife my brother-in-law bottle of beer he always tells me their father-in-law last Tuesday week."

Aunt Tabitha burst into a hearty laugh; and then, observing that her tallest great-grandfather (who was sitting next to her) remained impassive, she nudged him energetically, saying "Joke, pal, joke."

Her thin uncle leaned forward in his place and cried along the row to her "I don't see any joke."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Aunt Tabitha replied in a high thin scream. "Look," she went on, rising and pointing down to the Press table, "look at those hard-working boys down there! What would happen to your evening paper if they didn't take the trouble to see the jokes?"

"There'd be a lot more room in it," began one of the cousins, "for——"

But Aunt Tabitha was already hard at work explaining



the inwardness of humour to her thin uncle. "Now," she began, "you heard what the lady said. All the ingredients of a joke are there, you admit?"

"Where?" said her thin uncle.

"There," Aunt Tabitha replied. "My husband's mother, bottle of beer, last Tuesday week—"

"Ho, ho!" piped her eldest great-grandfather, intensely amused. "Last Tuesday week! Ho, ho, ho!"

A small drove of policemen was now eddying about us, and the magistrate appeared to be upset. One or two voices, resonant but deficient in attack, called out "Less noise, there!"

"Less noise, there!" bellowed Aunt Tabitha's great-aunt Maud.

A policeman tapped Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle on the shoulder and woke him up. He immediately rose and said "Mr. Chairman, my lords, ladies and gentlemen: All of us in this room here to-night at this moment now, I feel sure, at the present time—"

"Offside!" interrupted somebody I failed to identify.

By this time another different person had somehow been manoeuvred into the witness-box. This was an elderly man with what appeared to be an old piece of asparagus in his buttonhole, who instantly said: "My daughter-in-law's husband always tells the milkman . . ."

Here he paused. Aunt Tabitha's fat uncle sat down. The pause lengthened; hiccupping and other signs of impatience began to be heard all over the court. Aunt Tabitha

observed with an infinite tenderness: "He's forgotten his lines."

"What's the prompter up to, I should like to know?" ejaculated her most bellicose great-grandfather, staring over the rail with flashing eyes and pointing a quivering finger at various personages, including the man who had come to sweep up the orange-peel and cigarette-packets left over from the previous day's performance. "The organisation of this show is a scandal! Send for the manager!"

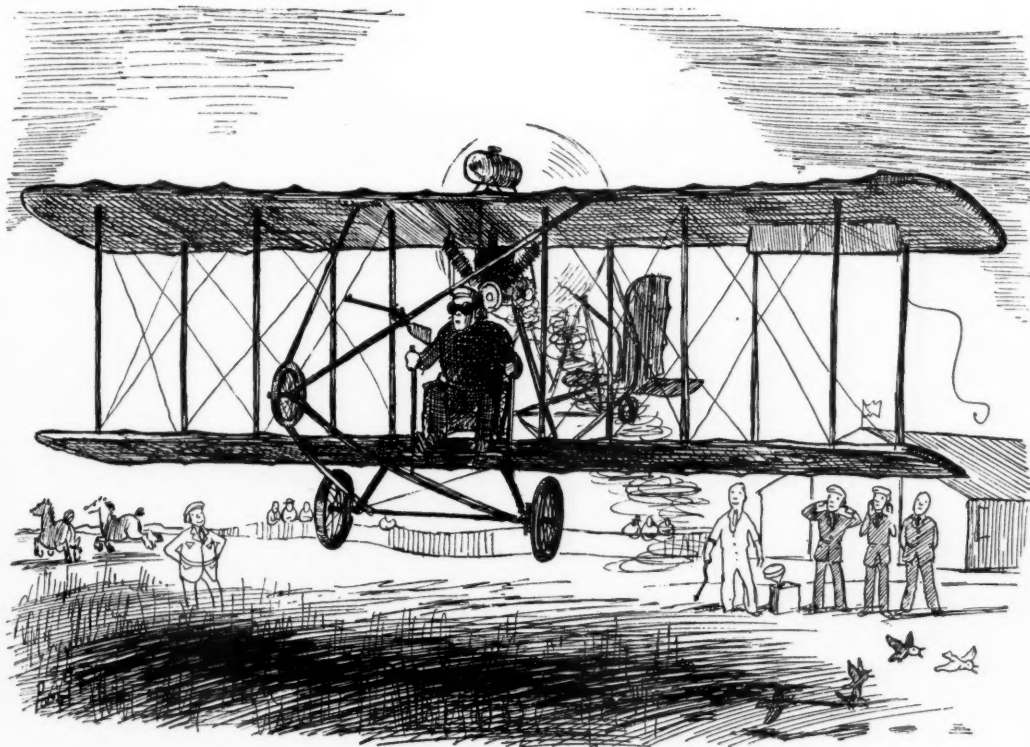
Fortunately at this point the witness's face cleared and he finished what might be called his remark by saying ". . . but the grocer's boy's father-in-law left some cheese for the lodger."

"I suspect that man," cried Aunt Tabitha above the ensuing roars of mirth, "of adopting the acrobat's device. He only pretended to forget so as to produce a greater effect. Ah, well—I like a good trouser."

Her thin uncle was still unsatisfied. "I don't see any joke there, either," he snarled out of the side of his mouth.

Aunt Tabitha clicked her tongue indulgently and pushed her way along to him. "Now," she roared, taking some walnut-shells out of her pocket and arranging them on the gallery rail, "there's the milkman. There's the grocer's boy. There's the Maginot Line. I sweep round here with my division—"

Possibly she would have got her thin uncle to grasp something or other, but this was where we were all thrown out. Myself, I would have thrown us out earlier. R. M.



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS (IN GERMANY)—THE R.A.F. TO-DAY



"There's nothing to it—it's easier than driving a car."

## Behind the Lines

### XX.—Weather Report

THE home thermometer last night  
Went down to 4 and stayed,  
Doing all this by Fahrenheit  
And not by Centigrade;  
Subtracting 4 from 32  
One estimates with ease  
We had a frost the whole night through  
Of 28 degrees.

The war has spoilt a lot of things:  
We're full of "rights" and wrongs;  
And almost everybody sings  
The most appalling songs;  
But what infuriates me most  
Is simply that I've lost  
The opportunity to boast  
About my "record" frost.

For in the happy days of old  
One scanned the news to see  
If Littlehampton were as cold,  
Or Looe as hot, as we.  
But now comparison is gone—  
Not least of Hitler's crimes  
Is that he put the kybosh on  
The weather in *The Times*.

Ah me! those spirited reports  
("Sunny A.M., but cool")  
From all the popular resorts—  
E.g., from Pontypool.

How much allure a breakfast lacks  
Unable to begin  
With temperatures *min.* and *max.*,  
Particularly *min.*

I crack the still unrationed egg,  
I carve the rationed ham,  
I know it's cold in Winnipeg  
And cold in Amsterdam;  
I munch the sparsely-buttered toast,  
I stir the tasteless tea,  
But know not (what intrigues me most)  
The *min.* at Brightlingsea.

The home thermometer went down  
To 4; it really did.  
Can Colchester or Camden Town  
Produce a lower bid?  
Thermometers at Heckmondwike  
Of similar design—  
Can they show *mins.* remotely like  
This *minimum* of mine?

Penarth and Peebles, what of them?  
They have their frosty spells;  
And doubtless it is "cold A.M."  
At Troon and Tunbridge Wells;  
It may be that at Aldershot  
A heat-wave has begun.  
I doubt it. But it matters not—  
The war has spoilt the fun.

So, just to keep the record right,  
I'll mention it once more:  
The home thermometer last night  
Went firmly down to 4.  
Which 4 must stand alone. Ah, me!  
The triumph I have missed with  
No hopeful 5 from Bridge of Dee,  
No 6 from Aberystwyth!

A. A. M.



"... and then one day the Fuehrer brought you in  
a little brown bag."

## THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

XXIV.—FEET



1

*Explanation to My Aunt*

“VERY well, aunt, I’ll do everything I can to make it all clearer to you, and of course if you *want* to make the toast at the same time, I suppose you must—but I do think it’s a risk myself. Those electric toasters are so . . . Yes, very well, aunt, we’ll get straight on to the question of a Federated Europe, if that’s what kept you awake last night. The fact is that when the war is over—No, aunt, of course it hasn’t yet been settled when it’ll be over. It hasn’t even been settled exactly when it’ll begin yet. Some of the papers say it won’t start till the spring, and others think it’ll be to-morrow evening, and Old Moore has plumped for the first fortnight in March, I believe—and of course most of the Cabinet think it *has* begun already. (I think the birds would *love* that bit, I believe they like it black).

“Then, aunt—because we mustn’t be parochially-minded, whatever else we are—we’ve got to remember that Russia, whom you say you don’t like, *isn’t at war at all*. She’s protecting the smaller nations. I know, aunt, but we all have our own ways of doing things—even, if you don’t mind my saying so, of making toast. France, with whom we always see everything eye to eye in the most extraordinary way—(if you don’t count the Hundred Years’ War and Napoleon)—*thinks* she’s at war, but one doesn’t really quite know what to feel about that, because all the Nazis say that Germany hasn’t any quarrel with France—only with us. And of course it’s well-known that we aren’t fighting the *Germans*—*ach Himmel*, no! It’s only just their leaders. Then Italy, aunt—I wonder if you realise that Italy is a strictly neutral country? There are at least two things that ought to help you to remember that: one is the Rome-Berlin axis of course, and the other the rationing, which I believe is frightfully severe in Italy. I

mean, aunt, if those don’t go to show how neutral she is, what does?

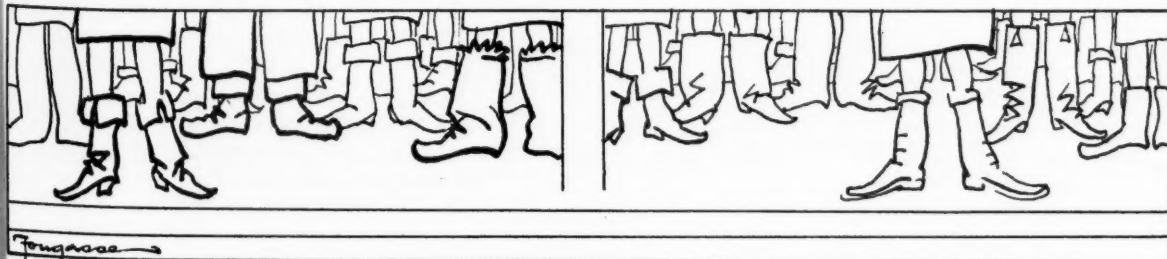
“Quick, aunt, turn that piece over—I always think it’s a bad sign when the toaster begins to smoke like that, and of course one notices it more with no butter.

“Oh, dear, yes, any amount of butter in the country. And anyway margarine is *absolutely* indistinguishable from butter nowadays. Don’t, aunt, ask me *why*, if there’s such a lot of it, butter has to be rationed. You must have heard the expression ‘Guns or Butter?’ Well, it probably means that butter is wanted *for* the guns. I can’t tell you exactly how, but I *do* know that greased cartridges led to a great deal of trouble in connection with the Indian Mutiny, and probably they’re afraid of the same *kind* of thing, only quite different, happening again.

“I don’t understand, aunt, why you look so wild—unless you feel it’s unpatriotic to burn so much bread— As a matter of fact, the dogs are eating most of it. Never mind. I’ll quickly explain to you that America couldn’t, naturally, be in a Federated Europe. I don’t even think you ought to expect it. It’s like Mr. Hore-Belisha going away just when one had learnt how to pronounce his name—one of those things that are going to be explained the moment the war *either* begins *or* comes to an end. And it’s while we’re waiting that we’ve got to think out this Federated Europe business. After all, aunt, the Government must want us to think about *something*, mustn’t it? I mean of course besides the income-tax.

“Aunt, I wouldn’t have said a *word* if I’d known you were going to let the toast flare up like that. I shouldn’t think even the birds would look at it now. Perhaps it would be better if we decided about Federated Europe after breakfast.”

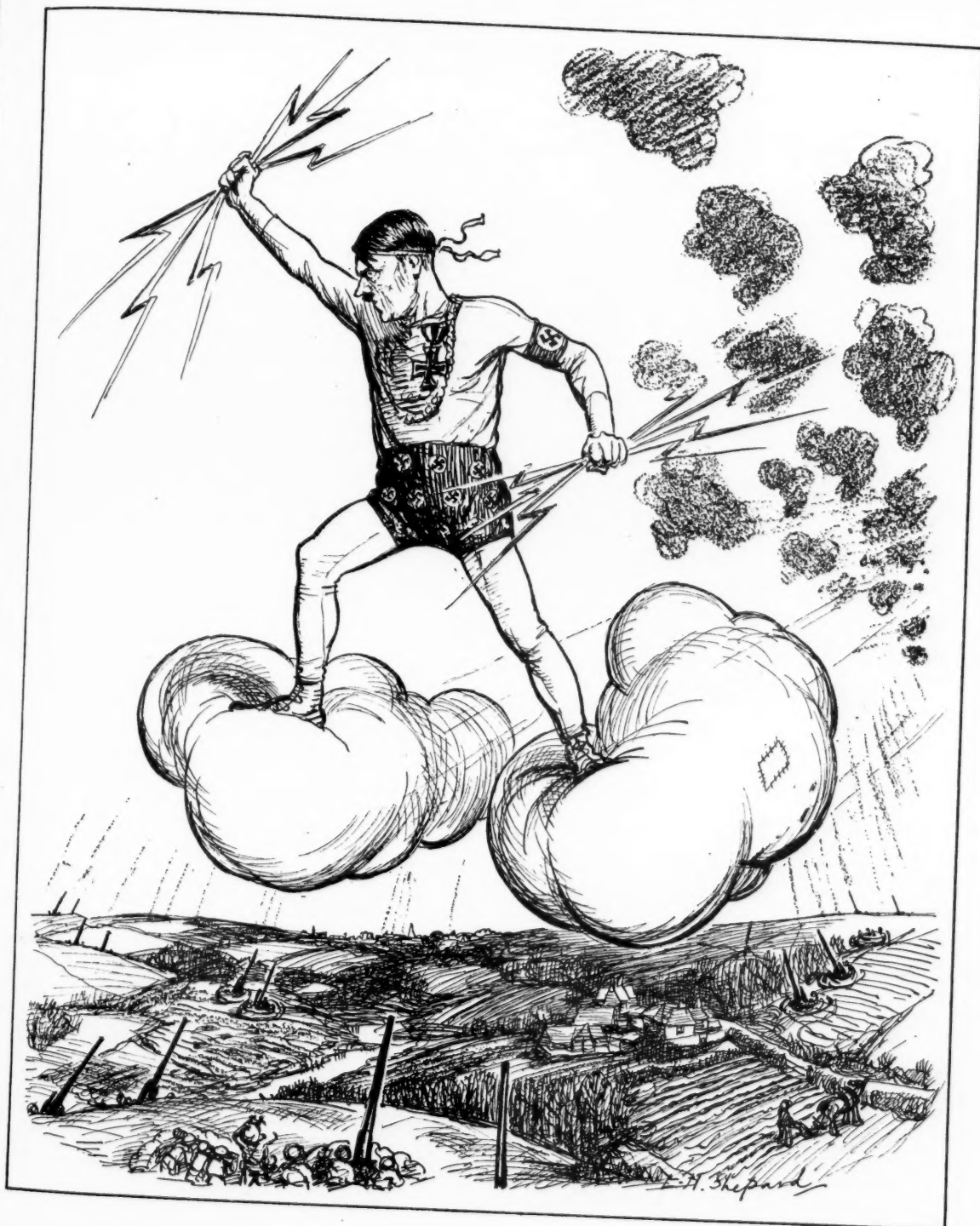
E. M. D.



2







COMING SHORTLY  
OR  
ADOLF THE AWFUL IN HIS AMAZING AERIAL ACT

# Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND



IN A GOOD CAUSE

## AUDITORS' REPORT

We have audited the books of the "Punch Hospital Comforts Fund" for the period ended 31st December, 1939, with the vouchers relating thereto.

We certify that no expenses of any kind have been charged against the Fund and that all payments have been in respect of materials distributed.

101 Leadenhall Street,  
London, E.C.3.  
5th January, 1940.

J. H. HUGILL & Co.,  
Chartered Accountants,  
Hon. Auditors.

YOU are asked to think and to think in good time of the wounded. At any moment their needs may become imperative. They will not consider themselves heroes, they will not complain; they will be those who have neither fallen in action nor come safely through the ordeal, but are part of the reparable human wastage of war; we shall hear them speaking again—the less seriously disabled—in the language long ago familiar to us: "I got my packet at —; I was luckier than some," and yet there will be months of pain in front of them before they can take their place on active service or in civilian life once more.

You are also asked to think of the Navy at sea, the men in the trenches, the men flying, minesweepers, search-light posts, anti-aircraft stations. All are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They need Balaclava helmets, stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats for the winter.

Mr. Punch has already distributed large quantities of materials of all kinds, but there is a great deal more to be done. Cold weather has arrived and the need for woollen articles is very urgent. Every penny subscribed will be used for the comfort of the men serving, or Hospital patients, and no expenses whatever will be deducted. Though we know well that these are days of privation and self-denial for all, we yet ask you, those who can, to send us donations, large or small, according to your means; for experience in the last war has proved a hundred times over how urgent is the call and how invaluable is the assistance that can be rendered. Will you please address all contributions and inquiries to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

# PUNCH IN THE AIR



*PUNCH* has always had the courage to be a prophet as well as an historian. It was founded in the graceful and catastrophic balloon era, even publishing, during the eighties, articles from "Our Special Balloonist: In Nubibus, or Up to Larks in Sky and Air," but looked forward continually to the day of the flying machine and the aerial steam-carriage. Like other prophets it often went pretty wide of the mark; but it never forgot to pay tribute to the WRIGHT brothers or to BLÉRIOT, "the regular flier," or to the other heroes of the early experimental days.

Not even *Punch*, however, had keen enough penetration to foresee the effect of the Great War on aviation. Flight and flying abruptly lost for the public their dream-like fantastic quality and the aeroplane was forever dissociated from the magic carpet and the bird-man. Experiments had, out of necessity, to become manageable weapons; the dash and courage of the R.F.C. were almost as unbelievable as the aeroplane itself had been to a former generation.

"Alone upon your fearful task you flew,  
Where in the vault of heaven the high stars swing,  
Alone and upward lost to mortal view,  
Winding about the assassin craft a ring . . ."

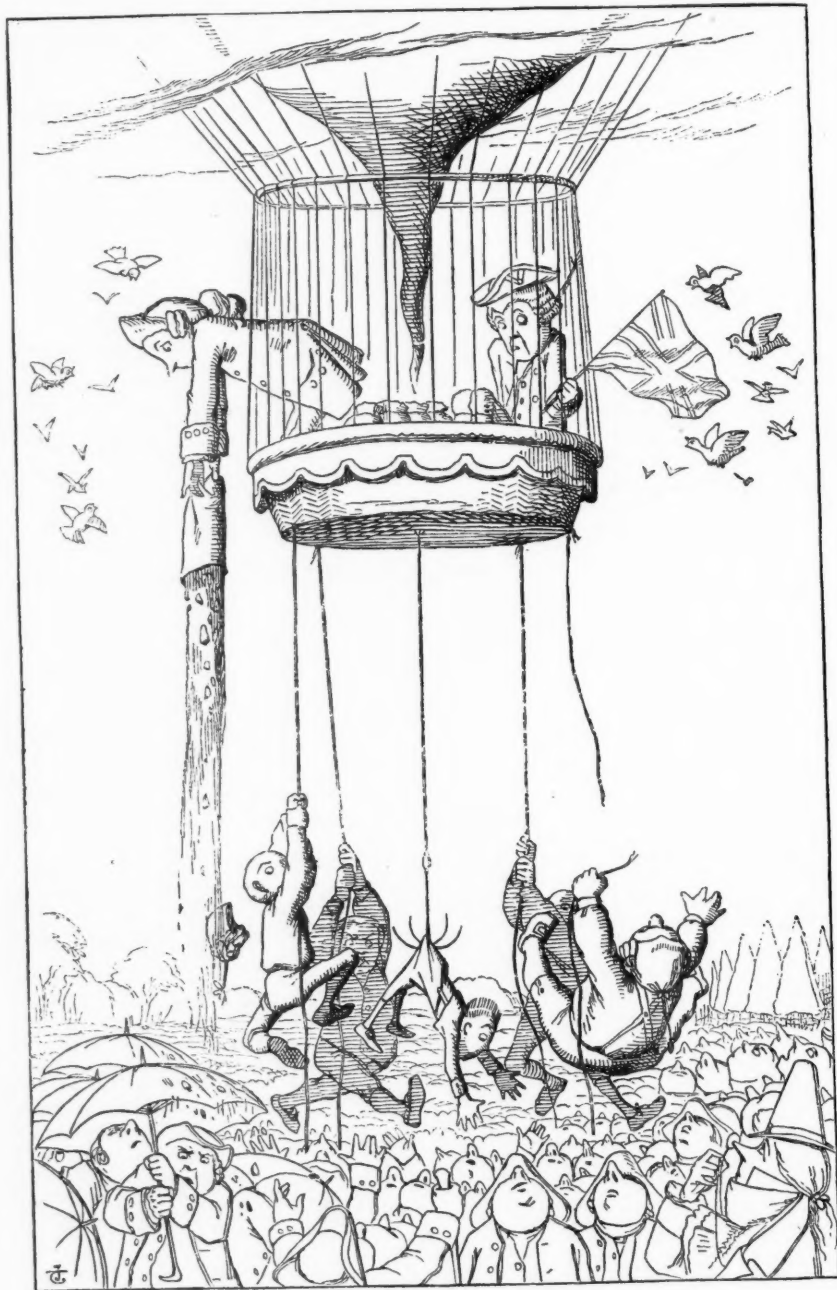
In the face of alarmingly heavy losses and extraordinary danger they remained "the airy fellows who talk of war as if it were a day's shooting," with an esoteric slang of their own which *Punch* faithfully recorded.

Twenty years of peace brought some honour to *Punch* as a prophet of the air. Policemen were not issued with wings, and church spires were not fitted with rubber balls so that parachutists could bounce comfortably off, but the predicted aerial steam-carriage between Fish Street Hill and India (which was to alight for refreshments on the Great Pyramid) materialised in Imperial Airways. The R.F.C. of 1914, with only two years of experience behind it and without an Air Minister, became the Royal Air Force with its manifold duties, including the responsibility for security in the Far East:

"Bold Bedouins, camped by green oases  
Hear through the insect-haunted night  
The droning murmur of their flight."

The British airman had become a subject less for speculation than congratulation, how much so has already been proved in the first five months of the present war; and finally like every service with a tradition of courage it has a tradition of humour too. If the Army is remarkable in humour for the aptness of its comments and the Navy for the wealth of its exaggeration, the Air Force specialises in light-heartedness, and the following pages show how we have learnt to appreciate it.

P. M. K.



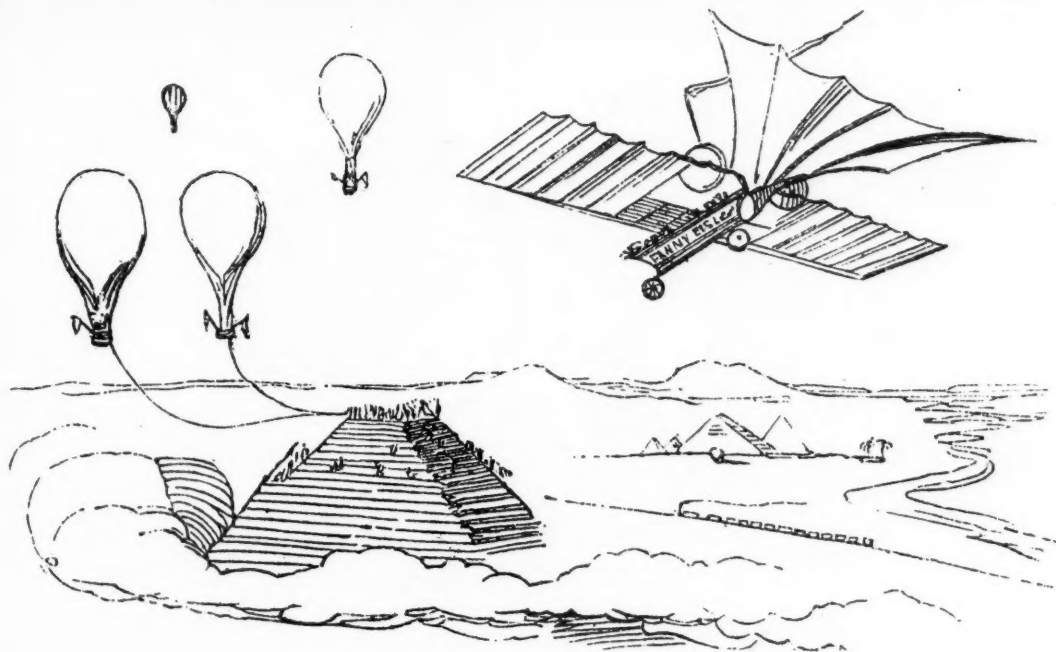
PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—No. 6. THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT  
IN ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1784.

VINCENT LUNARDI THROWING OUT A LITTLE BALLAST.

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### THE AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE. 1843

It is understood that the first line to be established, is that to India; the carriages leaving the top of the Monument, Fish Street Hill, every morning, and taking five minutes at the summit of the Great Pyramid, for refreshments, and to allow the passengers a short time to stretch their legs. From this point balloons will be continually starting for the most important cities of the African Desert.

The carriage is then to proceed to India, thus (should the weather be not foggy) affording to the traveller a delightful *coup d'aile* of the most interesting countries of the East.

The arrangements are in every respect very complete.

Lord Brougham is understood to have accepted the office of Patron, being himself of rather a flighty nature.

The provisions will be carried easily in the conductor's waistcoat: as by a new invention, the essence of three sheep can be concentrated into a small lozenge.

The waiting-room for the ladies at the Great Pyramid is of the most commodious kind, the ancient sepulchral chamber of King Cheops being fitted up in the Oriental style for that purpose.

Passengers who should wish to be dropped at any of the intermediate towns, may be lowered by small hand balloons at the usual cab prices.

N.B.—The "Rocket" Aerial Steam Carriage, will start on Monday next, for a tour round the Comet, proceeding by easy stages along the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel has been engaged as conductor, being the only person who knows the exact road.

### THE AERIAL STEAM SHIP MANIA. 1843

Report of the Committee appointed by PUNCH to investigate the comparative merits of the flying machine, alluded to in recent numbers of his journal.

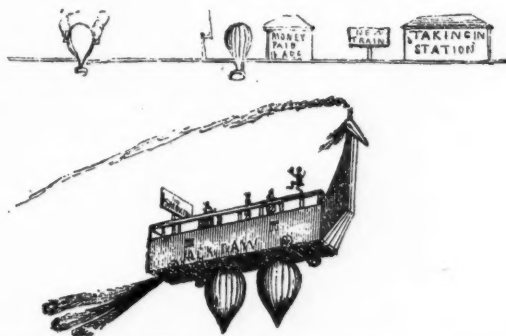
At the conclusion of their labours, your Committee have much pleasure in laying the following results of their investigations before you, being now thoroughly convinced of the flighty nature of the subject, and its close approach to a castle in the air, which has hitherto been considered as a mere imaginary building.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Chronicles of Valentine and Orson, Peter Wilkins, Mother Bunch, and other accredited and authenticated histories, prove that the process of flying through the air was once perfectly feasible, but that the art is now lost in common with various colours, methods of embalming, and transmutation of metals. It is, therefore, not too much to affirm that this ingenious construction is on the eve of being found out, especially by its shareholders, and will be brought to as great a degree of perfection as it ever has been.

The analogy between the bird and the Aerial Courier is very properly made of the first consequence, for nature has ever furnished the best models that art could go from; but still your committee have failed, with all their energy, in discovering any British birds with steam-engines in their stomachs or whirligigs behind their ears; and as the patentee appears to think an inherent principle of life quite unnecessary for sustaining a body in the air, they recommend him to try and make a dead bird fly by clockwork before he proceeds much further.

Your Committee feel bound to state that, in furtherance of their experiments upon the principle, they purchased a clock-work mouse at the toy-shop in Holborn, and having wound him up and fastened

some sails to his back, they allowed him to run down an inclined plane, which he did with great velocity; and in all probability would have risen into the air, but for some unseen, and therefore trifling, impediment. But as this occurrence might take place equally with the Aerial, inasmuch as it is started by the same means; and, supposing that Highgate Hill be chosen for this purpose, as it would be awkward for the voyagers when they expected to be at Calcutta to find themselves only at Kentish Town, at the bottom of the declivity, your Committee recommend that further measures should be taken to guard against such disappointment.



## SUGGESTIONS FOR AERIAL NAVIGATION.

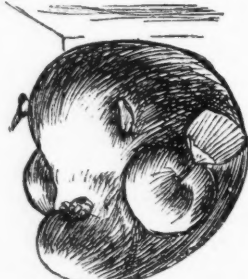
FROM THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES VOLOVOLAUVENTS" (*VOLO VOIARE*—I WILL FLY; *VENTUM*—WIND OR NO WIND).



SEEING WHAT SELECTION, CLIMATE, TRAINING, &C. HAVE DONE FOR THE EQUINE BREED, WHY SHOULD NOT THE SAME INFLUENCES BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON POWERFUL BIRDS OF PREY? THE BALLOON ITSELF MIGHT BE MADE OF SUCH A SHAPE AS TO OFFER A MINIMUM OF RESISTANCE TO THE AIR.



TAKE AN INDIA-RUBBER COAT, TIE IT AT THE NECK, WRISTS, AND ANKLES, AND TURN ON THE GAS FROM YOUR OWN BURNER. THEN PADDLE ABOUT THE ROOM WITH FANS.



HARNESS AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF PIGEONS TO ONE END OF YOUR CAR, AND A HAWK TO THE OTHER, AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO APPETITE AND FEAR.



PUT ON A TAIL COAT, STAND ON THE ROOF, DRAW YOUR BREATH AND WAVE YOUR HANDS GENTLY UP AND DOWN FOR A FEW GENERATIONS. BY AN EXTENSION OF MR. DARWIN'S THEORY YOU WILL GRADUALLY FIT YOURSELF FOR INDEPENDENT VOLITATION. (THIS PLAN REQUIRES MUCH PATIENCE AND SELF-DENIAL.)

## TAKING THE AIR.

1897

"If the day ever comes when cycling shall have had its vogue, there is a fair possibility that it may be succeeded by an epidemic of ballooning."—*The World.*

Now that the season is in full swing, everybody in town is ballooning, and an enormous number of ascents are made from Hyde Park every morning. But it is surely necessary that the authorities should take steps to protect those who are old-fashioned enough still to walk or drive. At present this can only be done with the greatest peril, as the humble wayfarer is in continual danger of being flattened by a large bag of sand dropped on his head from an altitude of a few thousand feet. Again, something should be done to prevent the repetition of such an accident as befell Lord Colchicken the other morning. As that aged nobleman was walking along Pall Mall, the grapnel from a descending balloon, whose occupants were bound for the Reform Club, caught in his clothes, and, owing to the strength of the wind, dragged him rapidly through the streets. By running at top-speed, his lordship avoided falling, but it was not until it had reached Kensington Gardens that the balloon at length was brought to the ground, by which time Lord Colchicken, who is about seventy years of age, was extremely exhausted.

Messrs. Aeronaut keep to the fore as the best balloon-makers, and their catalogue reminds us that their firm numbers all the leading members of Society among their customers. It is now fashionable to have your car painted in brilliant colours, while for those whose means forbid them to buy a balloon, Messrs. Aeronaut manufacture dainty parachutes at very moderate prices. Certainly one's machine must be made of the best quality, or a disastrous accident is sure to happen. Only the other day Lady Flopkinson punctured her silk while flying in the park, owing to some defect in its quality. Fortunately, she was immediately above the Serpentine at the moment, and so escaped with nothing worse than a cold bath and a great shock to the nerves.

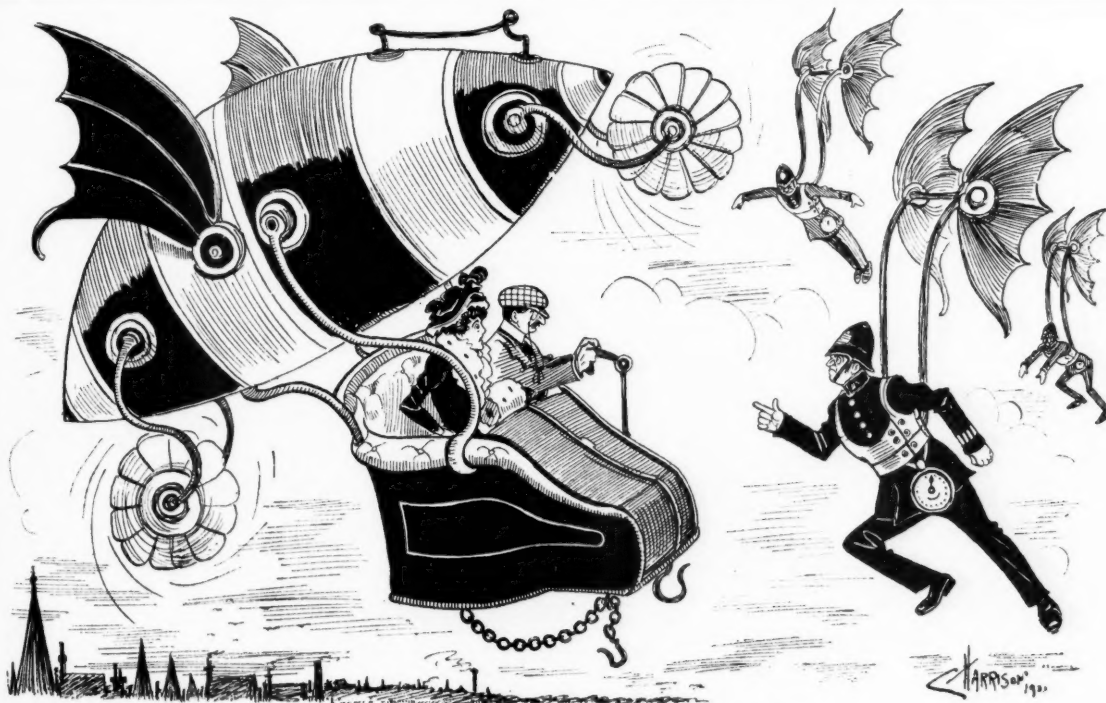
We are glad to hear that Sir Hubert FitzTompkins has been restored to his anxious friends, who had been much distressed by his sudden disappearance. It seems that he had gone out with his balloon as usual, intending to fly down to Hurlingham. Unfortunately the wind suddenly changed, and blew very strongly,

carrying the involuntary traveller to Iceland before he could effect a descent, thereby causing him very great inconvenience. No news has been heard since last week of the Countess of Bunkum's picnic party, who started in seven balloons for a trip to Brighton. They were last sighted in the south of France, and it is feared that they must now be suffering from the heat, as in all probability they have descended somewhere in Central Africa.

As usual, the doctors are endeavouring to persuade the public that the newest pastime is unhealthy and even dangerous. Their diatribes, however, do not seem to receive much attention, to judge from the number of balloons which daily darken the sky. Of course, in order to enjoy it properly, one should never start unless equipped with clothing for every temperature, and provisions for a couple of months. And all attempts at "breaking records" in altitude of ascent should be left to the professionals. But, if indulged in moderately, ballooning is a most satisfactory pursuit, giving its followers both change of air and pleasurable excitement, especially when one sails into a thunderstorm, or the valve jams, or the gas leaks—incidents which constantly happen, and prevent ballooning being ever accounted an uninteresting form of amusement.

We are glad to see that the Church, at any rate, gives this recreation hearty support. Indeed, on Sunday last the Bishop of Smithfield converted his captive balloon into a pulpit, and addressed a large congregation from it in the open air. Apparently his treatment of some rather controversial points offended one member of his congregation, who severed the rope of the balloon with a pocket-knife. This, unfortunately, brought the sermon to an untimely end, as the Bishop was immediately carried away into space, and has not been heard of since.

Several balloon gymkhanas are shortly to be held, and will doubtless prove interesting. Of course, when the season is over, everyone will take their balloons with them into the country, and it is possible that the servants, who rather resented pumping out a tyre in the old bicycling days, will feel still more injured at having to inflate twenty or thirty balloons for a country-house party. But before long the cook and the butler will be seen disporting themselves in mid-air on their own account.



## INCREASED ACTIVITY OF THE POLICE

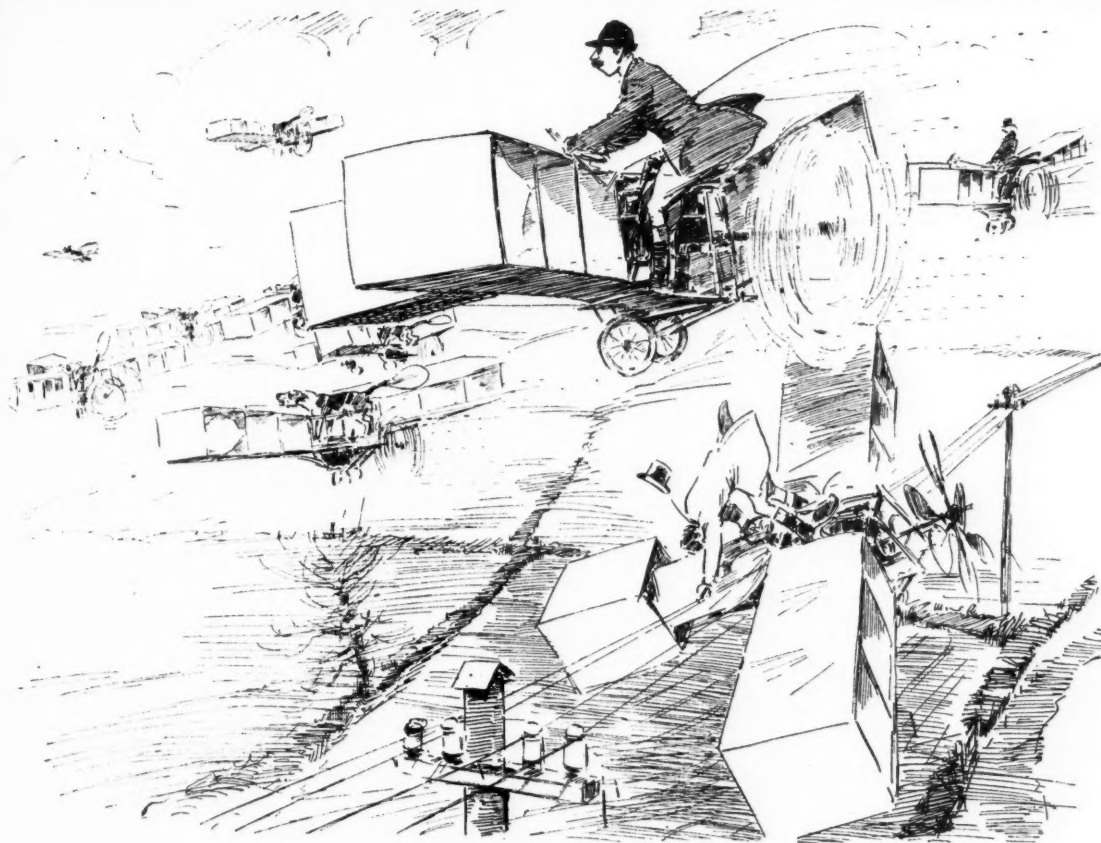
*A Possibility of the very near future.*

P.C. X. (of the A. or Aerial Division.) "NOW THEN, THIRTY MILES AN HOUR WON'T DO UP HERE! I'VE TIMED YOU WITH MY ANEROID BAROMETRICAL CHECK CLOCK, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN TO THE STATION!" 1901









## THE CHASE OF THE FUTURE.

(Extract from letter of sportsman in 190—.)

*Aero Lodge, High Leicestershire:* "AM HAVING RIPPING SPORT HERE. THE FLYING FOXES WE IMPORTED ARE THE REAL STRAIGHT-NECKED SORT. NO MORE OF THE OLD MUD-LARKING FOR ME. AND NEVER STOPPED BY FROST NOW. CAPITAL HUNT TO-DAY. POOR OLD SPRAGGON TOOK A DEUCE OF A TOSS OVER TELEGRAPH WIRES—DIDN'T PUT ON STEAM ENOUGH OR SOMETHING. CROCKED HIS FLYER ANYHOW—STRAINED A PINION, I HEAR."

1906

## THE AÉROMOBILIST'S ROUTE BOOK. 1906

FOR parties touring in the Highlands ballooning will be found a pleasant and expeditious substitute for the more hackneyed ecstasies of motoring. A few hints as to grades and contours may save the tourist a mile or two and not come wholly amiss.

In crossing the Border from Carlisle, especially if the objective be a rendezvous on the ever-beautiful banks of Loch Lomond, aeronauts should be careful to take the high road—partly on account of the prevailing depression of nebular cumuli, and partly with a view to avoiding the expansion of gas incidental to the Burns country and Galloway (N.B.). Through the Southern portion of Ayr the going will generally be found "soft" but a fine

hard run is afforded by the expanse of carbonised strata stretching from Motherwell to Glasgow and the Clyde. Upon crossing the latter, sky-goers should take at once to the hills, where (thanks to the jovial bonhomie of the TYNDRUM OF TYNDRUM) they will be permitted to skim his hereditary grouse-moor. A considerable elevation should, however, still be preserved, in view of the deplorable accident which occurred to so capable a volaaventureur as M. SANTOS DU ROUGEMONT himself, when a short-sighted sportsman mistook his 6 h.p. aéroplane for a rocketing capercaillie, and caused the machine to turn turtle on the spot.

The aeronaut willing or able to surmount the Pass of Glencoe and descend to Loch Leven will find the route somewhat precipitous (being positively littered with large cirri), and should be

careful here to use both rim-brakes, and throw out, when possible, an extra clutch. Ben Nevis is also a difficult crossing, owing to the nimbus obscuring its summit, and should not be attempted at more than ten gasometres an hour nor without sounding a powerful fog-horn, which should be carried on the weather-bow. If the foregoing precautions be observed, there should be small danger of punctures or side-slip, but it will be well to carry a length of silken cloth and another of twine, to repair incidental breaches. These, together with other appliances, such as kedge-anchors, sou'westers, Northern Lights, Roderick (mountain) Dew and aerated waters, may be procured at any trustworthy asylum of the A.T.C., where all statistics of ballooning are supplied, and repairs and funerals neatly undertaken.



### NEPTUNE'S ALLY.

*(The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY calls in a new element to redress  
the balance of the old.)*

FEBRUARY 7, 1940.]

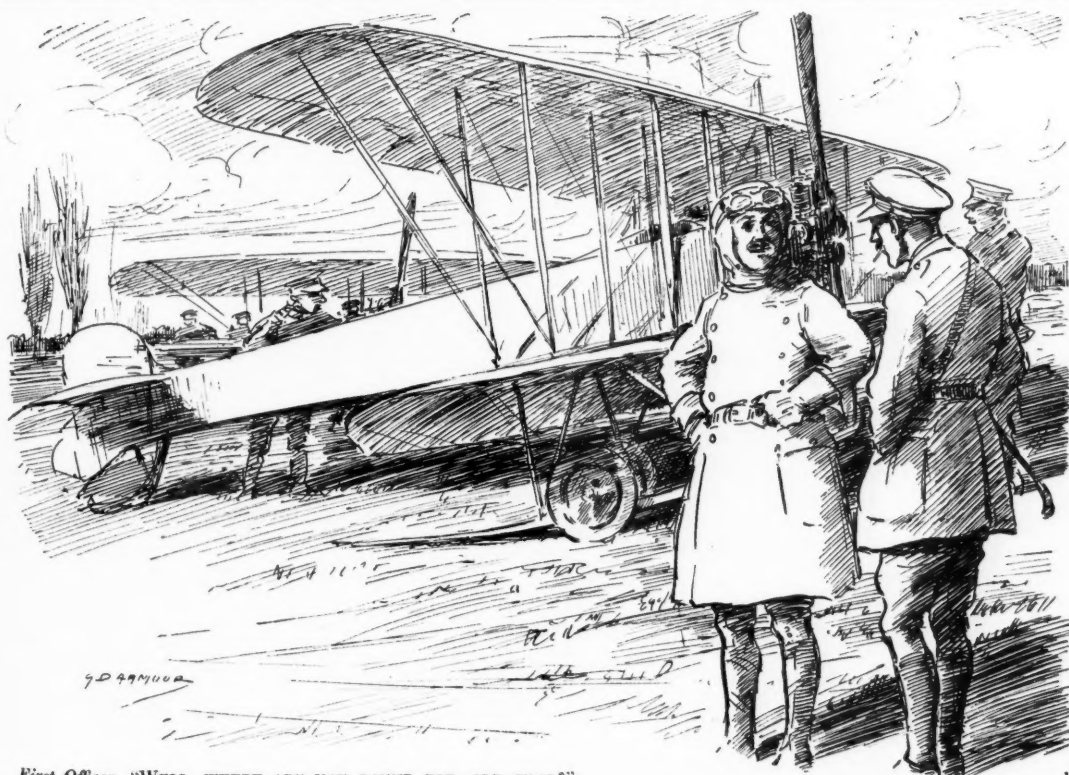
## PUNCH IN THE AIR.



### THE WAR IN THE AIR.

Subaltern (in observation balloon). "I SAY, ARE YOU THERE? I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET ME DOWN, I'M NOT DOIN' A BIT OF GOOD, AN' THEY'RE SIMPLY RUININ' THE BALLY BALLOON."

1914



First Officer. "WELL, WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR, OLD CHAP?"

R.F.C. Officer. "GERMAN LINES. TWELFTH OF AUGUST. MUST GIVE THE BOSCHES SOME SHOOTING, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

1916



## RIDERS OF THE WIND.

JOHN PROSPERO BULL.

"ARIEL, THY CHARGE  
EXACTLY IS PERFORM'D; BUT THERE'S MORE WORK."

*The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.*

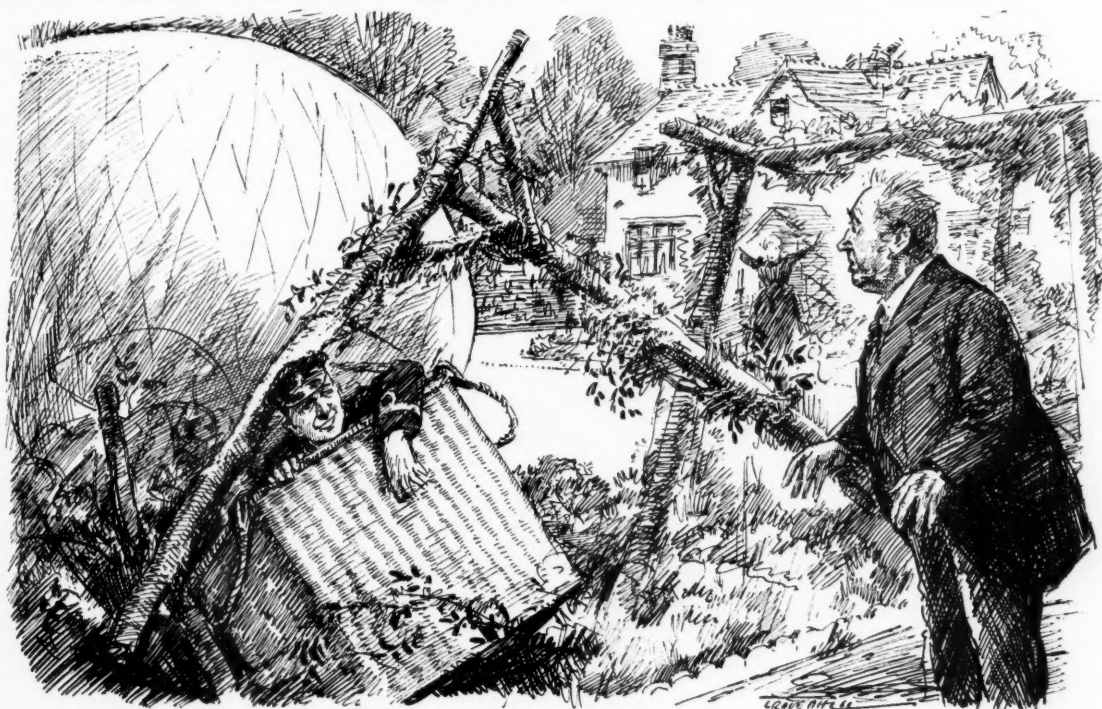


FEBRUARY 7, 1940.]

PUNCH IN THE AIR.



*Intelligent Person (to Observation Balloon Officer).* "I WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE A LADDER OR A FIRE-ESCAPE OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, INSTEAD OF JUST THAT ROPE TO CLIMB UP AND DOWN." 1916



*Householder (somewhat startled by descent of balloon which has not been quite the success it should have been).* "SO THIS IS WHAT YOU NAVY AIRCRAFT GENTLEMEN DO FOR A LIVING!" 1916

## THE FLYING MAN.

1916

WHEN the still silvery dawn uprolls  
And all the world is "standing to;"  
When young lieutenants damn our souls  
Because they're feeling cold and blue—

The bacon's trodden in the slush,  
The bacey's wet, the stove's gone  
wrong—  
Then, purring on the morning's hush,  
We hear his cheerful little song.

The shafts of sunrise strike his wings,  
Tinting them like a dragon-fly;  
He bows to the ghost-moon and  
swings,  
Flame-coloured, up the rosy sky.

He climbs, he darts, he jibes, he luffs;  
Like a great bee he drones aloud;  
He whirls above the shrapnel puffs,  
And, laughing, ducks behind a cloud.

He rides aloof on god-like wings,  
Taking no thought of wire or mud,  
Saps, smells or bugs—the mundane  
things  
That sour our lives and have our  
blood.

Beneath his sky-patrolling car  
Toy guns their mimic thunders clap;  
Like crawling ants whole armies are  
That strive across a coloured map.

The roads we trudged with feet of lead  
The shadows of his pinions skim;  
The river where we piled our dead  
Is but a silver thread to him.

"God of the eagle-winged machine,  
What see you where aloft you roam?"  
"Eastward, *Die Schlossen von Berlin*,  
And West, the good white cliffs of home!"

## WINGED VICTORY.

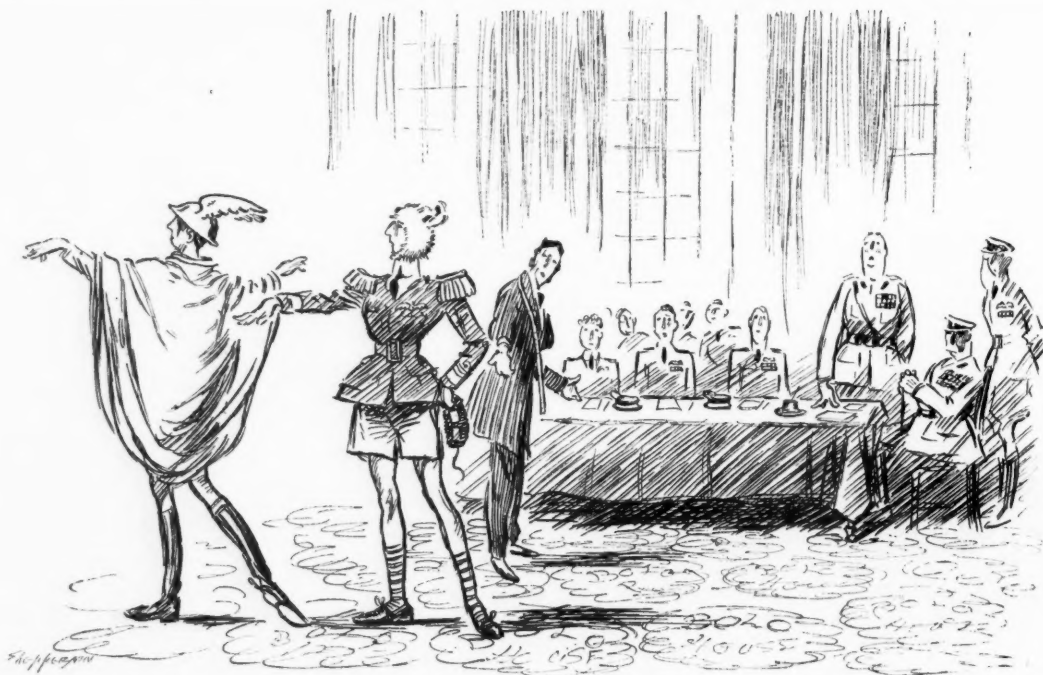
1917

*"Per ardua ad astra."**"One of our machines did not return."*

I LIKE to think it did not fall to earth,  
A wounded bird that trails a broken wing,  
But to the heavenly blue that gave it birth  
Faded in silence, a mysterious thing,  
Cleaving its radiant course where honour lies,  
Like a winged victory mounting to the skies.

The clouds received it and the pathless night;  
Swift as a flame, its eager force unspent,  
We saw no limit to its daring flight;  
Only its pilot knew the way it went,  
And how it pierced the maze of flickering stars  
Straight to its goal in the red planet Mars.

So to the entrance of that fiery gate,  
Borne by no current, driven by no breeze,  
Knowing no guide but some compelling fate,  
Bold navigators of uncharted seas,  
Courage and youth went proudly sweeping by,  
To win the unchallenged freedom of the sky.

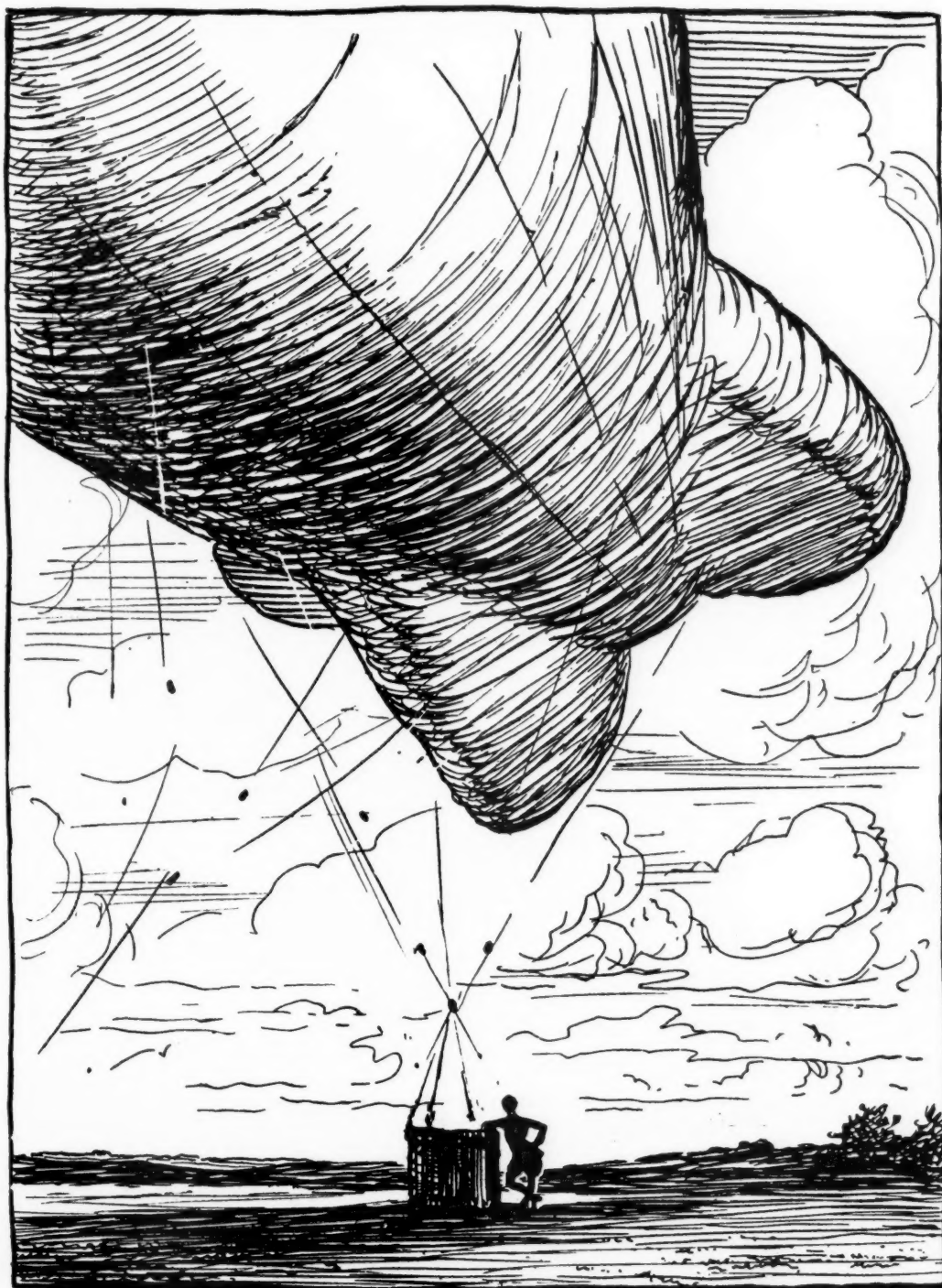


MEETING OF A MILITARY BOARD TO DISCUSS YET ANOTHER UNIFORM FOR THE AIR FORCE.

1918

FEBRUARY 7, 1940.]

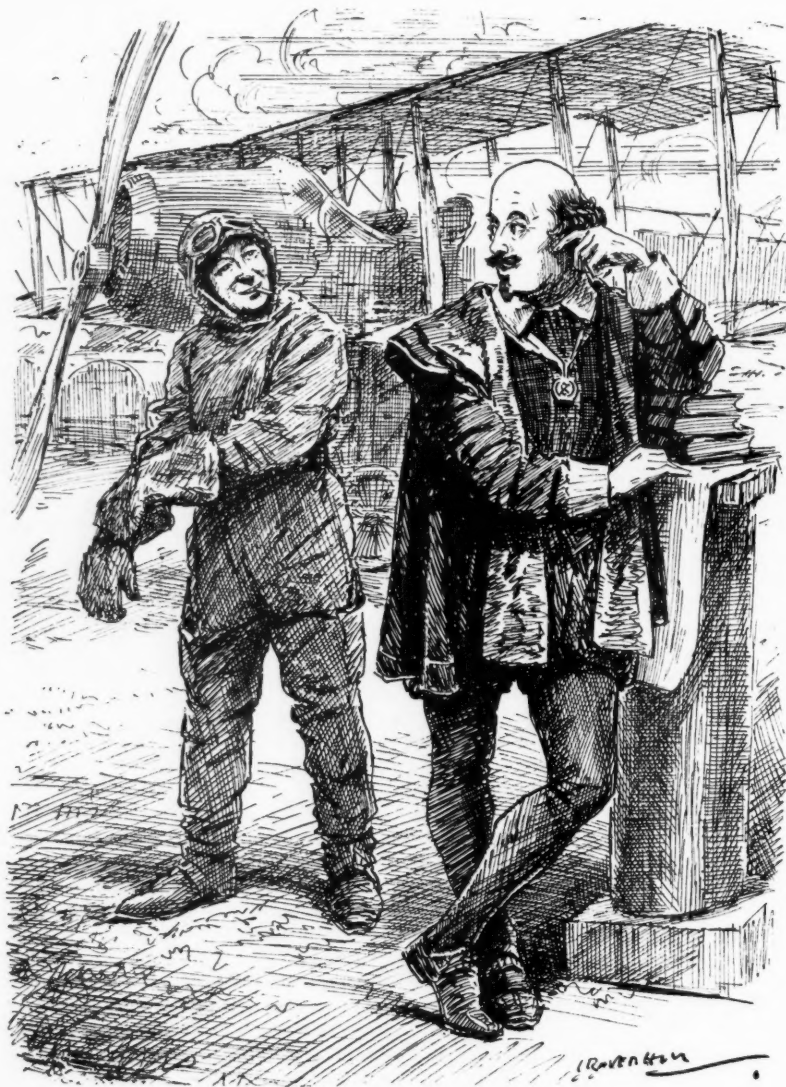
PUNCH IN THE AIR.



J.H. DOWD · 18 ·

Sent in reply to following request: "DARLING, DO SEND ME A PICTURE OF YOURSELF STANDING BY THE MACHINE YOU FLY IN."

1918



### THE NEW COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

PUCK, R.A.F. (to SHAKESPEARE). "YOUR IDEA OF A GIRDLE ABOUT THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES IS A BIT TALL; BUT YOU BET YOUR IMMORTALITY WE SHALL GET AS NEAR IT AS WE CAN."





## TIPS FOR TYROS.

"HEDGE-HOPPING," THOUGH NOT ENCOURAGED AS A GENERAL PRACTICE FOR YOUNG FLYING OFFICERS, CAN SOMETIMES BE VERY EFFECTIVE DURING MANOEUVRES, IF THE PLACE SELECTED FOR STUDYING MAPS BY THE G.O.C. THE "ENEMY" AND HIS STAFF CAN BE ACCURATELY LOCATED.

1924

## RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

## THE SERVICE. 1925

In days of war, in days of war,  
The valiant Royal Flying Corps,  
Linked to the bold R.N.A.S.,  
With courage, pep and steadfastness  
Strove o'er the angry fields of Mars  
*Ad astra* (meaning "to the stars").  
Their sole ambition was to slosh  
The Turk, the Bulgar and the Boche,  
An aim in which they well succeeded,  
Doing precisely what was needed.

And in these halcyon days of peace  
Their arduous labours never cease;  
At home or serving overseas  
They scorn to seek luxurious ease,  
And vie amongst themselves to share  
The hazards of the upper air.  
The only time they fret or grieve  
Is when compelled to go on leave,  
For idle hours alone can irk  
These lads who simply live for work.

Wherever troubles may be brewing  
The R.A.F. are up and doing.  
Mid Himalayan peaks and chasms  
Wild tribesmen suffer sudden spasms  
When from their watch-towers they  
desery

Small specks appearing in the sky.  
Where Sion's pleasant brooklets flow  
Their transport lorries come and go,  
Careering through the mud and rain  
When Jordan's waters flood the plain.

In Iraq's sheik-infested spaces  
Bold Bedouins, camped by green  
oases,

Hear through the insect-haunted night  
The droning murmur of their flight;  
And where the playful crocodile  
Sports by the margin of the Nile  
The shadows of their cambered wings  
Skim lightly o'er the tombs of kings.

The scions of Adastral House  
Accept their lot without a grouse,  
And are, in brief, the sort of crowd  
Of whom the Empire may be proud.

Trustees of progress, peace and quiet  
In regions somewhat prone to riot,  
They there fulfil our obligations  
As watchdogs of the League of  
Nations;

Till soon, there's reason to suppose,  
Deserts will blossom as the rose,  
And lean mosquitoes put on fat  
Round every Air Force habitat.

## TO SUPERMARINE NAPIER S5.

1927

SLENDER thrustful monoplane,  
Steadfast under stress and strain,  
Truly you achieved some speed-o  
O'er the waters of the Lido.  
As your engine's hurtling thunder  
Tore the startled air asunder  
Fairly you fulfilled the dream  
Of your keen devoted team.  
We acclaim with sheer delight  
Your superb and gallant flight,  
Bearing off the Schneider Cup  
(Flight-Lieutenant Webster up).

C. L. M.

## AERONAUTICS. 1926

ONE of those complicated nightmares known as fleet exercises was taking place. Two enemy submarines were known to be in the vicinity and our flight was carrying out an anti-submarine patrol over the fleet as it steamed along in line ahead. Even a dummy bomb being liable to damage a submarine in the unlikely event of its hitting her, we were supplied with red-coloured lights, which we were to fire from a pistol at the moment when we would in real life have been dropping a bomb—an excellent arrangement from our point of view, since no one would be in a position to correct us when we claimed a direct hit at the conference afterwards. We carried also a white distress light in case our engine failed and we had to make a forced landing on the flying deck of the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier.

Submarines are easy enough to see from the air if you happen to be right over them, but very hard if you aren't, and I had been searching the sea diligently for some ten minutes before Charles's voice booming down the voice-pipe distracted my attention.

"Did you know it's the P.M.O.'s birthday to-day?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," I answered shortly.

"Well, it is," triumphantly remarked Charles.

I was a bit annoyed; it was hard enough to keep concentrated without these frivolous interruptions.

"I don't see what on earth it's got to do with us," I answered crossly, "even if the whole ship's company had birthdays."

A chuckle rattled on my eardrums. "It's only that he promised to put up bubbly in the ward-room this morning," observed Charles; "and if you don't buck up and find those two submarines we shall be too late for it."

"If only you'd shut up——" I began. And then suddenly I saw it. Down below us, submerged with only its periscope showing above water, was a huge green fish, motionless, invisible in all probability to anything but aeroplanes. From her position I judged she was about to fire her torpedoes, and she was close enough to the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier to be pretty certain of a hit unless something happened rapidly.

"Quick, Charles!" I shouted, pointing furiously downwards; and as we

began to dive steeply I whipped out a pistol and let fly with a light.

I have done this game several times before, and as a general rule the ships don't bother to turn away to avoid the torpedoes until too late. Maybe they don't believe us until they see the submarine themselves; or maybe, though this I am loth to think, a couple of hits being held on paper to put them out of action, they are not sorry to be able to drop out of the exercise.

Perhaps, however, the V.L.A.C. had more confidence in her own aeroplanes

answered. "Even you yourself are only half an ancient. If I remember right, your conduct the other day was not altogether free from——"

Luckily I was able to interrupt Charles's excursions into my past. "Look at the ship," I said. "She's got our number up and the signal to land on. The other submarine must have fired her torpedoes somewhere else in the line, or perhaps they've washed the rest of the show out. That turn's just put her nicely into wind too."

"Fine," observed Charles shortly as he throttled down. "Fizz."

We made a perfect landing, and as the machine came to rest on the deck the Wing-Commander came bustling up.

"Good bit of work, that, Sir," I said enthusiastically.

Wings held a hand up to his ear to shut out the noise of the engine.

"What's that?" he yelled.

"Very smart turn you made, Sir," I shouted back; "dodged all four 'mouldies' beautifully."

Wings came a bit nearer. "What's the matter?" he yelled.

I decided to keep my compliments until we could hear ourselves speak.

"Nothing, Sir," I shouted reassuringly.

"WHAT?"

I gathered myself for a final effort and leant over the fuselage.

"NOTHING!" I shouted.

Wings' face went a dark purple. "Then what the devil did you fire a white light for?" he screamed. "You don't suppose we've turned into wind and landed you on just for fun? As for your beastly torpedoes, I never saw them."

I examined the pistols with a sinking heart. There was no doubt about it. And just as I was about to suggest that the ship would not have turned so quickly

had I not made the mistake, there were two faint but distinct bumps; and as the ship swept on there arose in her wake two pools of oil, in the middle of each of which lay a torpedo, its dummy head crushed in by the shock of impact and its calcium recognition flare blazing triumphantly.

"You'll go up again now," shouted Wings furiously, "and stay up till all the torpedoes are found and hoisted in by the destroyers. And I hope they take a long time about it."

And as we soared up again to locate the stray torpedoes Charles put the finishing-touch to my discomfiture.

"Finish fizz," he remarked laconically.



THE R.A.F. AT HENDON.

THE "PADDock" RAILS IS THE PLACE TO KEEP COOL.  
1926

than the rest of the fleet; anyway she wasted no time in turning away; and just as well, for as she turned under full helm and increased speed the submarine fired four torpedoes, all of which missed.

"Pretty smart, that," observed Charles. "Now, if you'll only buck up and find the other one we'll be in time for the P.M.O.'s champagne yet."

"You seem to think of nothing but drink, Charles," I said reprovingly. "Instead of rejoicing at the perfect accord just manifested between ship and aeroplane you are concerned solely with the prospect of free wine."

Charles's voice was almost apologetic. "The modern tendency, old boy," he

FEBRUARY 7, 1940.]

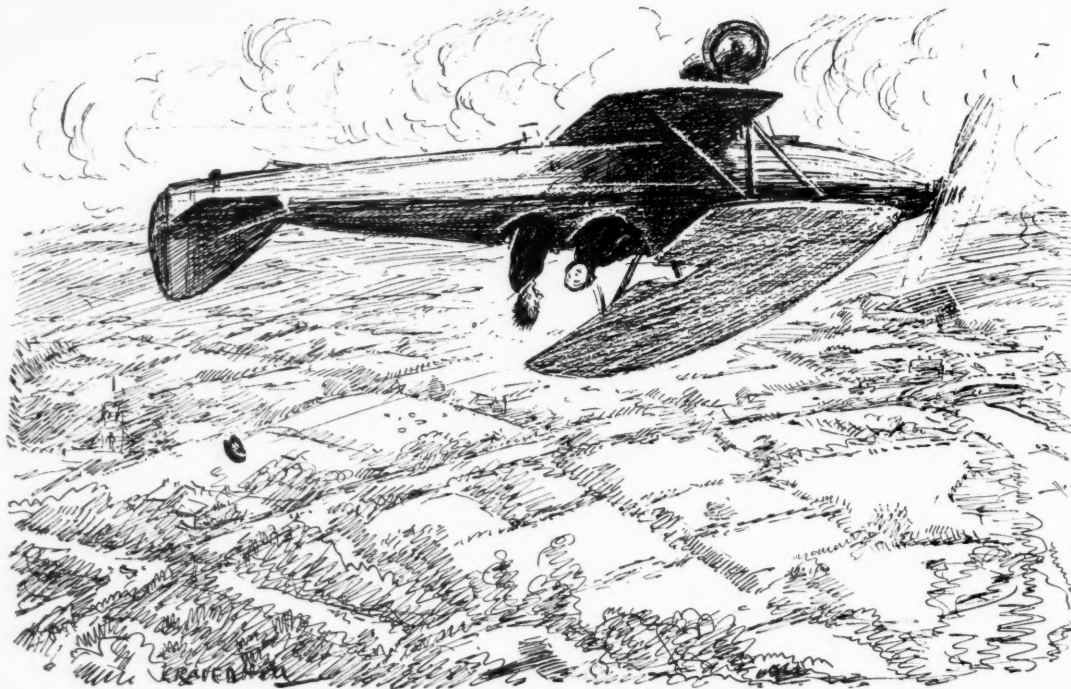
# PUNCH IN THE AIR.



LOOKING FORWARD: PLANE-PARKING

Attendant. "GENTLY, MISS. JUST ROOM FOR A LITTLE 'UN.'"





"BUT, MY GOOD MAN, ALL THE BEST PEOPLE FLY LIKE THIS NOWADAYS."

1931

### ROUND THE AERODROMES.

(By Our Aeronautical Correspondent).

1934

THERE are plenty of indications that 1934 will prove a bumper year for aviation. The Mayor of Hogspuddock, speaking at the opening of the new municipal airport, uttered these striking words: "Flying is undoubtedly the coming thing, and in my opinion it is high time that the citizens of Hogspuddock took to the air."

★ ★ ★

Captain Rudolph ("Undercarriage") Egg, who is just back from Lapland, where he has been giving a series of free joy-rides to the inhabitants of the tundras ("looping the Lap," as he amusingly put it), tells me that he hopes shortly to push even further North with the object of popularising the light aeroplane among the seal-hunting Esquimaux of Franz Josef Land. All that is needed, he says, is a handy little aero-engine capable of running on blubber.

★ ★ ★

The private flying-clubs are full of bright ideas for the coming year. I hear of an admirable stunt that is being planned in the Midlands. Club "aces" intend to swoop down upon

the local Point-to-Point meeting and pepper the crowd with bombs between the events. Each bomb, which will be comparatively harmless, will contain a "tip" for the next race. This novel diversion is expected to prove extremely popular with racegoers.

★ ★ ★

From America comes news of the first record of the year. Miss Bleta Spangle, the well-known film-star, has flown upside-down for forty minutes over the State of Oklahoma. She claims to be the first platinum blonde to accomplish this feat.

★ ★ ★

This is the second record Miss Spangle has placed to her credit. It will be remembered that she recently chartered an air-liner at Reno and, taking up with her the judge, court officials and witnesses, achieved the distinction of being the first woman to obtain a divorce decree in the air.

★ ★ ★

Among the many new types of aircraft promised for the spring, the Orpington Household Four should prove deservedly popular with the family flier. Specially designed for suburban and domestic use, with a collapsible fuselage, this reliable machine can easily be garaged in the tool-

shed or, alternatively, can be converted and utilised as a chicken-coop.

★ ★ ★

A large and hearty crowd of flying-folk assembled at Hesport to welcome the Wurrages back from their East African honeymoon trip, and the cock-tails rev'd pretty freely in the Club-house afterwards. "Everything went according to plan," Janet told us, "except for one rather tiresome forced landing in the Mount Kenya district. We were immediately surrounded by vast herds of elephant, lion, giraffe, bongo, gnu, quagga, rhino, hartebeest and other large local fauna. The creatures stood about expectantly for some time, but as soon as they realised that we had not come to make a film of Wild Life in the Untrodden African Forests—Nature Red in Tooth and Claw—they quickly dispersed, looking a trifle crestfallen."

★ ★ ★

One does not see a great deal of our long-distance fliers these days. They are closeted with their atlases, feverishly searching for new and even more distant places to fly to in record time. The truth is that so much space and time have been annihilated by aircraft during recent years that already a serious shortage of these commodities has begun to make itself felt. C. L. M.



FEBRUARY 7, 1940.]

## PUNCH IN THE AIR.



AN AEROPLANE, 1910.



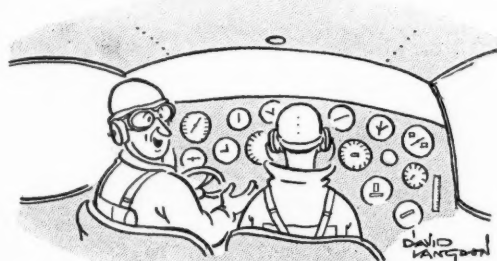
A SQUADRON, 1935.



# NELSON 1936.

"MORE AND MORE OF THEM! THIS IS A SIGNAL NO SAILOR  
CAN PUT HIS BLIND EYE TO AGAIN."

1936



"I OFTEN WONDER WHAT THEY'RE ALL FOR." 1937

### CIVIL AIR GUARD.

1939

DUAL.

My instructor sits beside me in the aeroplane. He looks resigned and a little cynical, like a man who is about to witness a display of ineptitude. I myself attempt to look confident and determined, like a man who is about to make a success of an undertaking. The undertaking is to take off, to make a circuit of the aerodrome and to land. When I think about it in bed this seems quite simple—merely a matter of climbing to four hundred feet, turning left across wind, turning left again down wind, turning left for the third time and gliding across wind, and finally turning into wind and landing gently on the aerodrome.

In bed I can do this with a precision which compels the admiration of all onlookers, but now that I am actually in the aeroplane I feel less confident. I look out in front of me and notice uneasily that the aerodrome seems to have decreased markedly in size and that the trees over which I must climb have shot up to twice their usual height. My own body has grown alarmingly large. The feet which I place on the rudder-bars have become huge and clumsy and the hand which grips the stick feels enormous and inexpert. With a growing consciousness of these disabilities I open the throttle, taxi heavily towards the lee boundary and start to turn into wind. In bed this is a simple, if ungraceful manoeuvre, but on this occasion I leave the rudder on too long and the aeroplane turns round rapidly twice and comes to rest facing the wrong way. I am crestfallen and my instructor raises his eyebrows. He says nothing but his silence has an eloquence which makes my ears tingle. I creep round contritely into wind and we take off. As the ground recedes and the trees sink impotently below us I begin to feel better. I glance at my instructor, hoping that his face may have softened. But the eye of my instructor is fixed upon the air-speed indicator, and it is the eye of a man who observes something with growing concern. I follow his gaze and realise with a shock that I am climbing too steeply. In a moment the aeroplane will lose its flying-speed and we shall plunge into the ground. I hastily climb less steeply and find that the aeroplane has taken advantage of this distraction to indulge its penchant for swinging to the right. By the time I have got it straight again we have reached four hundred feet and it is time to turn left. I turn left and fly over the fields to the south of the aero-

drome. I turn left again and fly over the factory to the east of the aerodrome. I appear to have made no mistakes and I begin to feel rather elated. As I turn to glide over the houses to the north of the aerodrome I glance at my instructor. He seems not to share my elation. His expression is resigned and his eye is fixed coldly on the altimeter. I follow his gaze and I see that we are no longer flying at four hundred feet. I have forgotten to stop climbing and we are approaching the aerodrome at something over a thousand feet, from which height it will be impossible to land.

I am much mortified. We try again.

This time I am determined to fly level. I devote my whole attention to the task, but when I turn to glide over the houses to the north of the aerodrome I find that although I have flown level I have inadvertently flown too far. Instead of being four hundred yards from the boundary I am about three-quarters-of-a-mile and will land in somebody's back-yard. I open the throttle and the engine gives a roar of contempt.

I am now utterly discouraged. I bitterly regret my impulse to learn to fly. My instructor's face is still patient but I know that he despises me and as I fly round for the third time I am filled with rage and despair. I make my third circuit and once more I am gliding over the houses. This time I am at the right height and the right distance. I turn into the aerodrome over the row of trees. The tops of the trees seem alarmingly near. I feel that they are going to tickle my feet and I instinctively curl up my toes. Thank heavens we are safely past the trees! The surface of the aerodrome is inexorably rising up to meet us. If I do not flatten out at once we shall glide straight into the ground. I flatten out but the instructor is not pleased.

"I've got her," he says with a sort of resigned despair. "How do you expect to land from fifty feet up?"

I am no longer filled with rage. I am apathetic and without ambition. It is now clear to me that I shall never learn to fly. I do not even want to learn to fly. My instructor lands the aeroplane and I watch him listlessly, without envy. I get out of the machine and walk dejectedly towards the club-house. My instructor walks with me. He seems to be pondering. Doubtless he is considering the best way of telling me that I shall never be any good. At the door of the club-house he pauses.

"Well," he says casually, "you're getting on. Another couple of lessons and you ought to be going solo."

### BOMBER.

1938

FAR, far below this pinnacle of air  
The insensible and idle river crawls  
Between the insects clustered everywhere  
Mottling its banks to stare  
Into the droning sky above the walls.

It is some god stayed on this quiet height  
With desperate venom clutched beneath his wings  
That looses for his vengeance or delight  
The bomb that spills from sight  
To pound amongst those small black scuttling things.

The sudden stillness of those running feet  
Engulfed in dust of falling tower or spire  
Is not a sight for that judicial seat;  
He reckons their defeat  
In fountains avalanching brick and fire.



# THE JOHN BULLFINCH FANCIER.

*With Mr. Punch's best wishes for the success of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's  
new Civil Air Guard.*

1938





"KEEP TO THE LEFT, BERT."

1938

### FUN WITH THE R.A.F.

1939

OUR Station Adjutant has more initiative, enterprise and energy than any other Station Adjutant in the whole of the Royal Air Force. We know this, because in his more human moments in the ante-room he has often told us so himself, not arrogantly or with undue pride, but quite simply and modestly, as one stating an unquestioned fact. And we listen with admiration and then we buy him another drink. We cannot help being rather proud of our Station Adjutant.

His latest effort however has shaken us rather badly, although it began quite well. It all sprang from the fact that we are a Training Station, or, to be more accurate, an R.A.F. School. As a result of this, at regular intervals all day long, large bodies of airmen are marching about the station, either going to or coming from the numerous class-rooms and workshops where with admirable impartiality they madden their patient instructors and persistently mislay their tools.

Naturally in this studious atmosphere of ampères and kilowatts our standards of march movement are not quite as high as our standards of formation flying. To be frank, we tend to straggle somewhat, and this deeply

grieved our Adjutant, who was once in the Guards and does not allow us to forget it. Suddenly there came to him the idea of ideas—the simply super brain-wave. Why not make use of our technical resources to solve the problem? Why not broadcast to the whole station stirring martial music during the break periods? The troops would then march with renewed vigour and *élan*, certain Very Eminent Personages would doubtless soon learn of our new methods, and of a certainty great would be the glory of our Station Adjutant.

Promptly the fiat went forth. Incredible lengths of cable and wire were demanded from very reluctant Stores Officers, indignant carpenters laboured over loud-speaker stands, and enthusiastic search-parties began to ferret out every loud-speaker in the camp. A microphone with "pick-up" was installed in the Adjutant's office, and he himself, under cover of a practice gas alarm, raided our Mess and got away with most of our gramophone records. These he promptly locked up in his safe, in which he keeps, it is rumoured, a priceless First Edition of *King's Regulations* and a Very Secret Bottle.

All was now ready. One bright morning, just as our unsuspecting troops were changing over during the first break period, the whole station suddenly shook with the concentrated blast of twenty-four loud-speakers all simultaneously blaring forth the "March of the Men of Harlech." The effect was electrifying. Horrified rooks soared high in the air and headed for the next county, the fire-pickets and the guard promptly turned out in record time, and our startled but appreciative troops threw out their chests and marched like the Brigade of Guards. And when in the second break period our delighted Adjutant changed his record to "The Barren Rocks of Aden" so admirable was the effect that in no time our ante-room was filled with officers visibly suffering from heat-stroke and thirst. Fortunately adequate restoratives were quickly obtainable, and there were no fatalities. Our Adjutant's triumph was complete, complimentary messages came hurtling in from all quarters, and the "Canned Band" promised to become a Station Institution.

His triumph, however, was not of long duration. The bomb was actually exploded on the day of our Air Marshal's visit by our gallant Flying Officer Tremayne. Tremayne is an ardent devotee of crime films. In his spare time he reads nothing but detective novels, and life could hold

nothing higher for him than to be a member of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad. Entering the Adjutant's office that morning to discuss the mysterious disappearance of thirty-nine blankets from his barrack block, Tremayne found the office empty, and on the table in front of the Adjutant's chair a fascinating black-and-silver microphone. Tremayne looked, remembered a thrilling scene from *Gangsters and G Men*, and fell. Flinging himself into the chair, he felt himself sweeping down Piccadilly in his long black car, did a snappy change-up with Poker, Stove, Office, for use of, wiped away the blood from the bullet-wound on his forehead, and snarled into his microphone, "Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Detective-Inspector Tremayne calling all cars. Arrest desperate criminal Larry the Wop, all costs, dead or alive. Wanted for murder, this man is reported disguised as Air Marshal of the Royal Air Force. May be recognised by criminal countenance, bristly moustache, hooked nose. Get this man dead or alive. Calling all cars, calling all cars."

Tremayne was just turning into Oxford Street at seventy when the door crashed open and our Adjutant rushed in, ashen-faced. The microphone had been left switched on, and nearly eight thousand enthralled airmen had heard Detective-Inspector Tremayne's broadcast, including our hook-nosed bristly-moustached Air Marshal himself.

Tremayne is now arranging to transfer to the Police; and we understand that our Station Adjutant is thinking of going with him.



"IT HAS BEEN THE FASTEST ONE OF ITS TYPE IN THE WORLD FOR ALMOST A WEEK NOW."

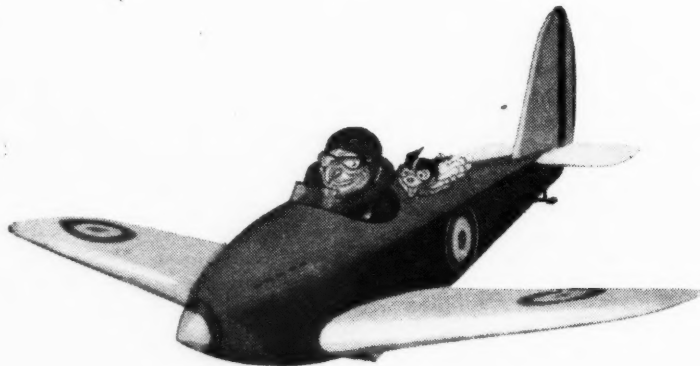
1938

## CLOUD CLIPPER.

1937

BENEATH our wing  
 The modelled world,  
 With ribs and valleys,  
 Lakes and lands  
 And threads of rivers  
 (Plain and purled)  
 And roads in loops and lines and  
 bands,  
 Tilts or slips sideways  
 As we look—  
 A page from some  
 Titanic book.  
  
 The shadow of  
 Our flying hulk  
 Blots half a hill  
 Or river-mead,  
 Or swings where toy-trains  
 Puff and sulk  
 To race their dwarfed retarded speed,

And insect horses,  
 Startled, stir  
 A pinpoint as  
 Our engines purr.  
  
 The vast blue fly-leaf  
 Of the sky  
 As we look downwards  
 Closes up  
 Across our eyes—  
 But leisurely,  
 For we have drunk  
 A heady cup  
 And seem to share the slow mild mirth  
 Of gods above  
 A chessboard earth,  
  
 Who ponder moves spectacular:  
 An earthquake or a falling star.  
R. C. S.



## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week

**Tuesday, January 30th.—Lords: Bills Advanced.**

**Commons: Debate on Workmen's Compensation.**

**Wednesday, January 31st.—Lords: Bills Advanced.**

**Commons: Debate on War Office Contracts.**

**Thursday, February 1st.—Commons: Debate on Economic Direction.**

**Tuesday, January 30th.—**The first casualty list for the Army is to be published to-morrow. Mr. STANLEY told the House that lists would appear at irregular intervals depending on the flow of casualties, and would not refer to any particular engagement. To-morrow's list covers the period from the beginning of the war to December 31st. Much its largest item concerns 720 deaths from accident or disease; but, as Mr. STANLEY explained, this is not unreasonably large for so great a body of men over a period of four months.

In answer to Mr. THORNE he announced that German prisoners of war get the same rations as British troops at home. They will therefore also get the sympathy of British troops at home; but in view of the horrors for which GOEBBELS had prepared them if they fell captive, they must be a little puzzled.

The 1922 Committee, fiercely Conservative, has several times been addressed by Cabinet Ministers since the war began, and the National Liberals are getting restive at what they consider to be favouritism. Mr. HENDERSON STEWART objected to vital information about the war being given only to one party, and drew from the P.M. an assurance that no secrets were disclosed on these occasions and an offer that any party meeting could have a Cabinet Minister if it liked. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, referring to a precedent made by Lord KITCHENER, suggested that all three parties might be addressed at a joint meeting upstairs, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN agreed that if there were a general desire that could be arranged.

On the question of an increase in the rates of Workmen's Compensation for injuries, Mr. GREENWOOD demanded immediate action and declared the

Government were sheltering behind the Royal Commission. (A very good plan. Experience has shown them to be so enduring as to be undoubtedly bomb-proof.—*Mr. P.'s R.*) Sir ARNOLD WILSON, on the other hand, moved an

though without complete Conservative approval. Everyone agreed that rates should be higher.

**Wednesday, January 31st.—**The POPE's Christmas Eve address to the College of Cardinals and the Vatican broadcasts on German brutalities in Poland have everywhere caused a stir, including Berlin. Mr. BUTLER told Mr. MANDER they had also made a deep impression on the Government.

Two important announcements this afternoon. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN told the House that from February 1st the Admiralty would be responsible for building and repairing merchant ships, as it was in the latter part of the last war, and that Sir JAMES LITHGOW and Sir AMOS AYRE had respectively been appointed Controller and Director of Merchant Shipbuilding and Repairs. The ships built would be the property of the Government.

And Sir JOHN SIMON told it that in order to keep the cost of living down the Government were spending about £1,000,000 a week in making up losses incurred through retail food prices not being left free to rise indefinitely. This sum does not include subsidies already voted on milk, meat, flour and wheat.

A brick of some size and quite abnormal shape appears to have been dropped in Whitehall, and the echoes are not yet ended. Mr. THURTELL raised the question on the adjournment, and it was a strange story which he had to tell. A certain firm which manufactures water-bottles and cooking-stoves for the Army found itself short of working capital last May, and though asked by the Ministry of Supply to give it additional credit its bank refused. Two officers of the Ministry, lunching at a club, met a colonel from the War Office, and the talk turning to the difficulties of this particular firm, the colonel said he knew a chap who was agent to a group of financiers with lots of money for investment. His name was CHARLES KINGSLEY SCOTT. A meeting was then arranged between SCOTT and one of the officers of the Ministry, he was taken to see the Assistant Director of Contracts at the War Office, and the Midland representative of the Ministry was instructed to introduce him to the chairman of the ailing firm with an assurance that he could safely deal with him. Subsequent negotiations, however, fell through,



"THE ARTFUL DODGER"

The Home Secretary as portrayed by Mr. Bevan.

amendment urging the Government to hold discussions with employers and men in order to devise a temporary scheme. This was ultimately carried,



HOISTING THE RED ENSIGN

The Admiralty is to be responsible for all shipbuilding.



*"Don't trouble about us, General. Please get on with the war!"*

owing to SCOTT's demand for commission amounting to as much as fifty per cent. of the firm's profits. SCOTT's record when investigated showed a two-year imprisonment for fraudulent conversion and no fewer than five bankruptcies since 1929. Mr. THURLE not unnaturally asked for an inquiry.

Sir WILLIAM JOWITT then explained that his advice had been sought by the firm, and as a result he had sent a statement to the Minister of Supply, who had been very frank with him. It was clear that there was no question of corruption among officials, but only of grave carelessness; but further inquiry was called for, and in any case here was the deplorable fact that important supplies were being unnecessarily held up. Sir PERCY HARRIS had more to add to the SCOTT saga, for a business friend of his had been advised by the Ministry to approach SCOTT.

Mr. BURGIN admitted that the whole affair was very regrettable and was obviously anxious to get to the bottom

of it. He described how SCOTT had become known at the War Office through lobbying there for a commission, but he did not think the Ministry's Midland representative had given the assurance Mr. THURLE had mentioned. A full Civil Service inquiry had already been held, and its report submitted to the Treasury Solicitor, who had advised that it should be passed to the Director of Public Prosecutions. The Director's report had only just come in, and was about to go on to the WAR MINISTER. Mr. BURGIN promised that further developments would be reported to the House as soon as possible.

*Thursday, February 1st.*—The Opposition motion asking for a Cabinet Minister of Economic Planning was defeated in the Commons. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON put his case very well, firm in his belief that democracy was more efficient than Nazi tyranny; but he declared that when fighting a totalitarian war the three qualities of direction, decision and drive were

essential, and he did not see how these could be obtained in the economic field under the present machinery of the Economic Policy Committee. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, supporting the motion, asked for a smaller War Cabinet, and urged that the political heads of the Treasury should not stray too far from their normal jobs.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was equally sure that the Economic Policy Committee was working admirably and that the super-imposition of another Minister would give rise to unnecessary friction. The CHANCELLOR, responsible for avoiding inflation and keeping up reserves of foreign exchange, must have his hand on the controls. The Government were bent on increasing the export trade. The new President of the Board of Trade was the man to do it, and to help him a new Export Council was to be set up, consisting of business men, trade union leaders, and representatives of the Treasury and the Ministry of Supply. Lord STAMP would be a member.



## Cricket

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The full significance of the war did not become plain until it was announced that in the coming season there was little likelihood of any first-class cricket. Surely this is a grave psychological error? We are fighting Germany primarily, I suppose, because she does not play cricket, and yet at the very beginning of war we abandon our national game.

This is not merely the selfish plaint of an old man who will be deprived of his chief pleasure. I am thinking also of the youngsters at the Front, whiling away interminable hours in the Maginot Line, with no cricket to talk about. We all know from experience abroad that a five-line account of a first-class match, printed at the bottom of a column in a paper several weeks old, can provide material for three or four hours' steady talk. "I see Hitwood got

a pair," it begins, and then somebody remembers seeing Jack Hobbs get a pair, and the old boy drinking double-rums in the corner remembers seeing W. G. Grace get a pair, and with a slice of luck his grandfather will have often told him, as a boy, how he saw Alfred Mynn get a pair. Then, taking a more cheerful turn, somebody will remark that pairs are more plentiful than two centuries in a match, and so on.

I do not blink my eyes, however, to the practical difficulties in the way of first-class cricket in 1940. The great majority of the regular players, for instance, are presumably on active service of some kind, and here we come to the hub or nub of my suggestion. Why not recall the veterans, those who have retired from the field during the last ten years or so? Jack Hobbs perhaps, and Wilfred Rhodes, and Frank Woolley, and Patsy Hendren?

Of course I shall be immediately met with scoffing laughter. These men, I will be told, are in various stages of decrepitude and disrepair. How can

they then come back? I suggest that conditions of play should be altered to suit men of declining years. Matches might be played for two days only—Friday and Saturday—and the hours could be limited to four or five, beginning perhaps at 1.30 and finishing at 5.30 or 6, with a short interval for tea and embrocation.

It might be possible to extend the idea to an even older generation of players by allowing certain alterations in the usual mode of procedure. Gentlemen of seventy and eighty might be induced to play if they were provided with "runners," and very old men might be allowed to bat sitting down.

It may be argued that the crowd at a cricket match would provide an excellent mark for an air attack. I can only say, speaking for myself, that I would willingly risk being blown to bits just to see that late cut of Frank Woolley's a few more times, or to see Jack Hobbs going for the bowling when he passed the hundred.

HORATIO HOGG (*Colonel ret'd.*)



"Will nothing arouse in you a sense of grandeur?"

## At the Play

### "DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS" (WESTMINSTER)

ONLY just licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, this play has often been attacked by critics for the impropriety of its theme, but though no one would deny that here there are grounds for offence, it seems to me that it might with far more justification be criticised for the sentimental pseudo-realism of its attitude to peasants and the soil.

Since it was written in 1924—an early O'NEILL—the literature of the passionate peasant has received such a fearful dusting at the hands of satirists and critics that its absurdities are more quickly apparent than they were. Miss STELLA GIBBONS has blown a blast against the byre-lurking novelists which has cleared the air most healthily and killed several well-manured reputations; Mr. IVOR BROWN has exposed to such well-pointed ridicule D. H. LAWRENCE's preoccupation with the mysticism of mud and blood that the attempt by bearded pards to raise that side of LAWRENCE's philosophy into a new religion has happily failed, to the ultimate benefit of LAWRENCE's name as a writer; and others have assisted with the good work.

One cannot help being perhaps unfairly on the alert after two home-coming labourers, worn out after a long day in the fields, have paused at the farm-gate during the first few minutes of the play and ignored the smell of frying bacon to stand enraptured in dumb ecstasy at the sunset. But there is plenty more of this sort of thing to come. Sap rises. Old Ephraim, the farmer, though the most interesting character in the piece, runs true to the best loam form. The advent of spring fills him with burgeonings and urges unseemly in an old gentleman of seventy-six, and he regards the land less as a sticky but healthy way of getting a living—which is how most agriculturists seem to look at it, unless they happen to have a lot of capital behind them—than as a merciless instrument for the discipline of the soul. I have never known a farmer who preferred growing cabbages on bad land to growing them on good,

and I take leave to doubt if Mr. O'NEILL has; but Ephraim has actually abandoned certain lands as too easily fertile. As for his evening habit of shivering suddenly when about to step into a warm bed and of then mouching



ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT LEGS

Ephraim Cabot . . . . . MR. MARK DIGNAM

off to spend the night with the cows, I see it as a dodge unworthy of a dramatist of Mr. O'NEILL's standing even in the face of the obvious



MORNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

Abbie . . . . . MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN  
Eben . . . . . MR. STEPHEN MURRAY

difficulties which time and space impose on the task of arranging for guilty passion in a small cottage. If I add that old Ephraim spits poorly and goes to bed in boots, these are matters for which the producer and

not Mr. O'NEILL must shoulder the responsibility.

The story is simple. Ephraim, a widower, brings home a young wife, Abbie, who has married him to inherit the farm. She falls in love with his son Eben, who detests her because he considers it to have been his mother's, but she seduces him, in the best parlour, encouraged to do this by the spirit of his mother, who must have been a very unusual old lady. When a son is born, Ephraim delightedly assumes it to be his, though the neighbours guess better. Eben learns that Abbie had once said to Ephraim that a son would ensure her succession to the place; wildly hurt, he refuses to believe her assurance that she had said it before she loved him, and he declares he would rather the baby had never been born. Out of desperation she kills it. In his grief Eben fetches the Sheriff; but realising how much he loves Abbie, gives himself up too. I must say Ephraim takes it all surprisingly well, though just before the end he does complain a little bitterly: "I couldn't work to-day, I couldn't take no interest!"

The story is simple but very strong; a good deal too strong for many tastes. I cannot see that this is in any way a great play, though it bears the marks of a clever craftsman.

Mr. HENRY CASS's production is intelligent, and Mr. DAVID HOMAN's egg-box set admirably neat. The honours are carried off by Mr. MARK DIGNAM, whose picture of the tough psalm-singing old ruffian is very good; but it seems to me that Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN is not well cast as Abbie. Her performance is too sensitive, too controlled—Abbie needs a coarse flamboyance which is not in her personality. This is evident in the opening scenes, but is less so towards the end when Abbie is weighed down by tragedy. Mr. STEPHEN MURRAY's Eben is puzzling; it comes near to excellence, but stops short of it, I think because he acts with too unrelieved an intensity. Ephraim's two elder sons, who have the good sense to clear off to California early on to dig for what their father condemns

as easy gold, are played in an honest tap-room manner by Mr. RICHARD GEORGE and Mr. GEORGE WOODBRIDGE.

The former spat with the casual artistry of the master. ERIC.

## At the Revue

### "SHEPARD'S PIE" (PRINCES)

THERE is a fine old song which begins "I am not a glutton, but I do like pie." The appeal of pie is indeed irresistible, because it is quantity and, with good pies, variety, in the most manageable form. Mr. FIRTH SHEPARD'S Pie at Princes is both these comfortable things, and it is rapidly becoming one of the staple dishes of war-time London.

In concocting it, he has understood that what people need and want in war-time is not spectacle so much as a show which will make them laugh; and although a pretty Chorus changes into a succession of cheerful costumes, half-costumes and quarter-costumes, that is but the top-dressing—or should we say the under-dressing?—without which none of these shows is thought complete. The meat of the pie is the humour, and from the moment we see the evacuated children arrive at the Vicarage we know we are in safe hands and that our evening is safe. The three outstanding comedians who make the evening are excellently matched. Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD is funny by virtue of a gift of living in a world of his own, being self-assured and wholly out of touch with what is really going on. He moves slowly, thinking his own thoughts, holding the world in mild disdain, and encountering immediate and vast difficulties without particular surprise. Whether he is a drunken reveller, or the undignified father of precocious and unlovely evacuee children, or a 'cellist of pretensions, he attracts misfortune or misunderstanding, and in his quiet way thrives under it. Unsmiling, detached, incongruous, he starts waves of laughter which he never shares. By contrast, Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE is a comedian of the infectiously high-

spirited type. He finds the world a funny place, his companions and himself funny people. He tells his stories from sociability and he fits naturally into the rôle when he produces a catchy war song and, in the true pantomime tradition, makes the audience sing it. When that happened, and we were all singing "Sally," I realised that this kind of show is what pantomime has become for audiences who are happy to be without the nominal setting of a fairy story. It would have been quite easy to have

Pie, because it is more effective when it just begins to take place of its own accord and it slowly dawns on us what a preposterous piece of dancing this happy old gentleman is going through.

The memorable scene in a night-club which was one of the high spots in *Wild Oats* lives again in *Shepherd's Pie*, and it deserves this longevity. As feline feminine impersonators both Mr. HOWARD and Mr. RISCOE find a new setting in which to be themselves—Mr. HOWARD with the spurious dignity of a doubtful matron, Mr. RISCOE with the self-satisfied assurance of engaging but equally dubious youth. They make as pretty a pair as ever the police hustled off insufficiently licensed premises.

What is not humour in the evening is, it seemed to me, no more than is required to give a little change from laughing. There is at the end of the first half a Patriotic Tableau of British Sea Power, complete with Queen Elizabeth, whom I thought (quite wrongly and for a moment only) was going to prove to be Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD. This tableau would come better at the end of Part Two, where there is at present rather an anticlimax; the programme promises us a Finale, and after the Sea

Pageant in Part One we expect more than the plain curtains against which the assembled Company wish us Good Night.

Among the quieter moments of the evening there is some recognition of the British love of the familiar. The songs of HAYDN WOOD are sung by FRANK LEIGHTON and BENITA LYDAL and others, and even older favourites, like "I'll Be Your Sweetheart," by Miss VERA PEARCE in the old principal-boy style. Miss PHYLLIS ROBINS has her own much more modern type of song.

This is a very good "Leave" show.  
D. W.



### TILL THE TUBA'S READY

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD, MR. ARTHUR RISCOE, MISS BENITA LYDAL,  
MR. RICHARD HEARNE

made a pantomime out of this evening's entertainment, but nothing would have been gained, and the seasonal note which a pantomime carries might have proved a nuisance as the months pass and the run goes on.

The third comedian is Mr. RICHARD HEARNE, who looks just like a University professor on the stage and maintains a discreet benignity amid successive reverses. Mr. HEARNE is a comic dancer in the very first rank. In this show he plays a great part, which includes that solitary performance of the lancers which is a little masterpiece. I think it is a mistake to announce this, as is done in *Shepherd's*



## "I Was Hitler's Double"

(Extracts from the sensational book by Herr Fritz Fumpen which is published to-day.)

THAT Hitler had at least one "double" has long been known to highly-placed diplomatic observers in Europe. The advantages of such a system to such a ruler are obvious. Going, as he justly does, in fear of his life; disliking the sight of his fellow-men, even when they are not bent upon assassination; easily bored by the polite public functions that not even dictators can wholly avoid; and aware no doubt, how easily his people can be induced to accept substitutes ("ersatz") in all departments—the German ruler has made brilliant and increasing use of the "stand-in" since he came to power . . .

When once this fact is understood much that seems otherwise unaccountable can be accounted for. Even the common people have said to themselves that there seemed to be so many Hitlers: the brave and capable soldier of the trenches, who in four years of war rose steadily to the rank of corporal—the feeble, frightened conspirator of the Munich Botsch, who crawled off on all fours and left his men to face the music—the dynamic orator, the whining sentimentalist—the artist who loves designing buildings, the ruthless war-maker who likes knocking them down—the mighty dreamer, full of grand schemes for his people, the petty tyrant, inflated with vanity . . .

The Germans have a witty saying: "There is many a true word spoken in jest." Few who commented thus upon the extraordinary versatility and variety of the Fuehrer realised that they had stumbled very near to the truth . . .

I am now able, for the first time, to reveal the truth.

*Hitler has not one double but a dozen.*

HITLER IS NOT A MAN AT ALL BUT A COMMITTEE. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Why do I reveal these secrets now, knowing that they may cost me my life?

Because it is essential that the statesmen of the world—especially the Allied leaders—should understand the position. Unless they do the war will continue for ever . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

I should know what I am talking about; for, God forgive me,

*I was Hitler's first double.*

Early in 1932—I shall never forget the day—I was summoned to the Boghof by the Badhatgegaubleiter, Herr Haus.

*But it was not Herr Haus who desired to see me.*

I was thrust into the presence of a figure more sinister still.

*It was Herr Horse.*

The name of Maximilian Horse is not yet known to the world. Yet in the events of the past few years it is perhaps the only name that matters. Goering, Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Ratbane—all these are a mere façade behind which Doctor (ex-Prussian-General) Horse has built up his tremendous power.

He is a vast man with a wall-eye. But many say that this is a disguise.

He began at once:

"This little buck rabbit of ours is no good," he said.

"To whom," I stuttered, "does the Herr Doctor refer?"

"To Adolf Hitler," he roared. "He is no good. He thinks he is an artist. He thinks he can write, paint, plan buildings. He can do none of these things. As for the rest, he has no more powers of leadership than a gold-fish. Consider a soldier who in four years of war cannot rise above lance-corporal! Is Germany to conquer the world with such as that? Bah! Always he has been a failure—always. Bah! The Party are mad," he roared.

"But—but *Mein Kampf* . . .!" I stammered, amazed at such an assault upon my Leader.

"*Mein Kampf*!" shouted the enormous man, striking his chest. "*Mein Kampf*! I wrote *Mein Kampf*, every word of it. That little builder's boy can hardly *spell*!"

I was amazed by these revelations.

"Nevertheless," continued the Doctor in calmer tones, "he has certain advantages."

"What are these, Herr Doctor?"

I inquired submissively.

"He has a face like a pudding. A face like a lump of dough. A face that can be easily imitated. Play with a piece of new bread at table and you will find that, quite without intention, your fingers have shaped the features of your Fuehrer."

"Also, he has two curious fish-like eyes, which impress the foolish and are thought, by some, to convey hypnotic power. In fact, of course, they convey nothing whatever, there being nothing

to convey. But those eyes are useful. For the rest, he is a mildly sentimental, mildly crazy little fellow who means no harm; and if I can 'build him up,' as the Americans say, I may still be able to use him. But can I?"

"You," he continued, "are to be the first experiment. *You will be the Fuehrer's double!*"

Imagine my feelings!

"But why—why," I faltered, "am I to have this honour, Herr Doctor?"

"Because yours was the most vague and vacuous face I could find," he responded. "It seems to me to express absolutely nothing. But you have a voice like a cornercrake's. Just what I require."

\* \* \* \* \*

So began my five years of deception. Nightmare years.

It was my task to supply the "dynamic" section of the big synthetic Hitler that Horse was patiently constructing. It was I who made the fierce speeches (Horse, of course, told me what to say), I who shouted at the foreign statesmen and bullied their ambassadors. The world wondered why the same old Hindenburg who had snubbed the upstart Adolf at last gave him what he wanted. Foreign statesmen who had laughed and sneered at the little fellow, crumpled up suddenly and did his will.

*It was my voice. They could not stand it.*

\* \* \* \* \*

It was I, too, who used to fling myself on the floor in a paroxysm of rage and roll about, weeping and yelling. This was supposed to provide evidence of daemonic power.

\* \* \* \* \*

One by one, more doubles were added to the strength, more facets to the Fuehrer's manifold character. There was an Economic Hitler, who would hold forth about banking and currency, a Military Genius Hitler who interviewed the Generals, a Hitler who stood strong against drink and tobacco and another who showed his humanity by supping with simple dancing-girls. Then, of course, there was the Assassination Hitler.

At last there were ten or eleven Hitlers at the early morning parade at the Boghof or Rathaus.





### Gnomes All!

*It was whispered among us that the real Hitler was always there too.*

It was a strange sight, this parade; but only one man ever saw it—Herr Horse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once or twice I talked to the real Hitler alone. A pathetic little fellow. I liked him. He was so eager to please, so full of good, though vague, intentions, and modest impossible plans. He wanted to *write*. He wanted, he would say with a far-away look, to build the finest public lavatory in the world.

They wouldn't let him. Instead they put others up to make truculent speeches and invade foreign countries. I think that wounded him.

And they would let him take the first part of an interview with strangers, so that he could reassure them with his mild manners and harmless fishy eyes. Then the real Hitler would retire for a moment and

be locked up for the day; and I would come forth talking like a lunatic band-saw.

That, of course, is the explanation of September, 1938. Except for a few moments on the door-step *Chamberlain* never met the real Hitler.

IT WAS I WHO CONDUCTED THE TALKS AT BERCHTESGADEN, GODESBERG, AND MUNICH.

The real Hitler, who was pathetically eager to meet the British statesman, was hammering vainly on the inside of a padded room.

Few know this.

Only, on the last morning at Munich, Chamberlain was too clever for them. He slipped through Horse's guard, found the real Hitler walking in a garden, and without difficulty secured his signature to the famous peace pact.

People wondered that the same man who signed that sheet of paper should a few weeks later be making bitter speeches against England.

But he wasn't. *That was me . . .*

At last I felt unable to endure my life of trickery and deception any longer. Horse suspected me, I knew. One morning there was one double the fewer in the long dormitory. As I fled over the frontier, I laughed. *They had assassinated the wrong Hitler.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Or was I wrong? *Did they kill the right Hitler that night?*

That is a question to which the Allied Powers, through their Secret Services, must find the answer.

Somehow the real Adolf Hitler, the mild pacific artist, must be found. Somehow he must be restored to his rightful place at the head of his people, who, like himself, ask for nothing but peace. That way lies the happiness of the world.

*But perhaps he is dead.*

(Next week—"I Used to Shave Half Hitler's Face.")

A. P. H.

## The Man at the Wheel

"YOU want to be with 'im when it's black-out," said the conductor as we rubbed cheeks affectionately. "Talk about drive!"

I released him from my embrace, but as I stooped to pick up my hat a giddy swerve in the opposite direction all but hurled me through an ironmonger's window. He seized me by the collar and tie, bracing himself against the staircase.

"Thanks," I said.

"Or foggy," he continued, giving me back my tie and sending me inside the bus with a deft shoulder-charge. We canted over dizzily and came to a shrieking standstill.

"Old very tight-er!" advised the conductor as I rose from my knees and dislodged a damp cigarette-end from the palm of my hand. He rang the bell viciously and I was thrown into a corner already occupied by a small lady with a bag of potatoes. My apology was cut short by an acute right-hand bend, which seated me neatly opposite as a series of deafening explosions took place beneath my feet.

"Back-axle going, that is," said the conductor, kicking the floor-boards. "Broke two last month." He added a hoarse shout, indicating that he was prepared to accept any outstanding fares. "Any more for any more?" he demanded, going on to inquire with a startling refinement of diction if anyone had paid twice.

I exchanged a sheepish grin with the small lady opposite and the postman on her right. This was evidently one of those conductors we had read about in the evening papers.

"You soon gets used to 'im," he declared, suspending himself from the roof at an alarming angle and counting coppers with his free hand. "Flying ace in the last war, 'e was. Brought two Zeppelins down. Civil air guard, part-time, 'e is now. Instructor. Mad Benny they call 'im down at the depot. 'E's a terror."

Some of my breath was returning.

"Don't you find it a little nerve-racking?" I panted, forcing a smile and holding out my penny.

"Tssssssse!" said the conductor with contempt. "Some of 'em drives cautious and scares you stiff, and some drives wild and you don't worry. Benny ain't really off 'is rocker. It's just a name they give 'im, see? Sometimes forgets whether 'e's in the air or on the ground, but 'e's as safe as 'ouses, Benny is!"

"I see," I said.

"Stands six-foot-four," he went on. "As to fold up like a music-stand to get in 'is cab. Six-foot-four and red 'air. Red 'air and whiskers."

"Really?" I said, adding an apology to the man next door whom I had involuntarily winded, and retrieving a parcel thrown down by a lady on my right.

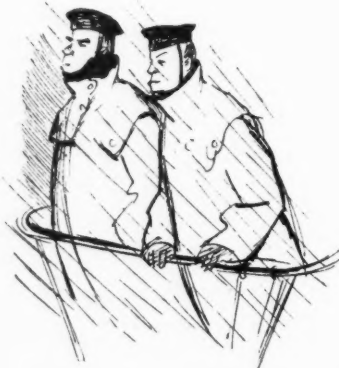
"'E's a terror," said the conductor, who had been torn away from us but had now returned. "And nobody daren't say nothing to 'im, not even jumpers. Why, the other day we rounds a bend and there's two old women standing slap in the road waving their umberellas, and Benny doing about forty-five. What do you suppose 'e does?"

"I don't know," I said—"what?"

"Runs straight over 'em!" announced the conductor with a wag of the head, and before I could express suitable surprise he turned and disappeared up the stairs with a primitive cry. I glanced out of the windows. Everything seemed uncomfortably close.

Presently he returned and sat in my lap for a second. "Straight over 'em," he repeated, his lips touching my ear. "At least," he corrected himself from the other side of the bus, "'e didn't actually touch 'em, if you know what I mean, but 'e went at 'em so they thought 'e was going to. Don't stop for nothing, Benny don't. Nothing only stops."

He stopped for a stop at that moment, and a chorus of grunts rose from his cargo. Several chins were



"What exactly does 'decadent' mean, Willie?"

struck smartly on the backs of the seats in front, and the small lady opposite threw up her legs and poured her bag of potatoes over the postman's knees. The conductor ran swiftly towards the front of the bus, leaning backwards and whirling his arms as if skipping, while in the cubby-hole behind me a suitcase fell over with a loud report and the slap of released catches.

"Old very tight-er!" said the conductor, but being unable to follow this advice and ring the bell at the same time he came suddenly aft, whirling his arms as before and snatching vainly at the fittings. He vanished on to the running-board and we heard him hit the metal stair-rail . . .

"You want to be with 'im," he alleged, lurching drunkenly in again and groping at the roof, "when 'e's behind schedule. Talk about a stormy crossing. Like peas in a bladder, they are in 'ere. Peas in a bladder, that's what they're like."

He reflected for some moments, swinging before me like a monkey.

"Broke a lady's arm last week," he confided presently.

"No, really?" I said.

"I 'eard it crack," he affirmed—"awful, it was."

"Doesn't he ever have any accidents?" I asked, my confidence growing as we neared my stop.

"Oaks Green, Cokes Green, Vokes Green, Oxshott, Bagshot, Uxbridge, Axbridge, Gallstones-on-Sea, and the Dukeries!" replied the conductor. "Any more for any more?" He added that Benny never had what you might call accidents. "But 'e's reckless. Daring. Yesterday 'e passed so close to a brewer's dray 'e took all the lettering off of the side. Then 'e rounds a corner with two wheels on the pavement and knocks a parson's cap off. This corner we're coming to, it was."

"But it's got a pillar-box on it," I objected, gripping the seat firmly with both hands.

"That's right," said the conductor—"new this morning. If you're going on I shall want another penny."

"No, thanks," I said; "I get out here." And as we shuddered sickeningly to rest I climbed cautiously down.

The traffic-lights delayed Benny's departure, and I got a glimpse of the driver's cab before they changed to orange. It was occupied by a small wizened man in thick spectacles, getting on for retiring age.



"Where will you 'ave the last couple o' sacks, Lady? This 'ere air-raid shelter's full."

## War-Paint

(Among recent novelties, luminous lipstick is reported.)

WHEN spurred to the job by some earnest incentive  
Like public improvement or personal dross,  
Man's mind has a trick of becoming inventive  
And putting its triumphs across.

Of recent achievements, though outwardly humble,  
A luminous lipstick is worthy remark,  
Intended—to this you'll immediately tumble—  
For feminine use in the dark.

No doubt, you may urge, there are others more lofty,  
But ponder; a girl so sagaciously lipped  
It ought to be clear to the veriest softy  
Just now would be finely equipped.

A gleam in the black-out, a light-giving blossom,  
She moves, and the torches grow suddenly dim,  
While, if for some reason she wants to play 'possum,  
One wipe, and she douses her glim.

Think, too, of the bulb, so unlively and soulless,  
Then leap in a flash to the radiant surprise

On meeting this glory, this miracle (no less)  
And getting it bang in your eyes.

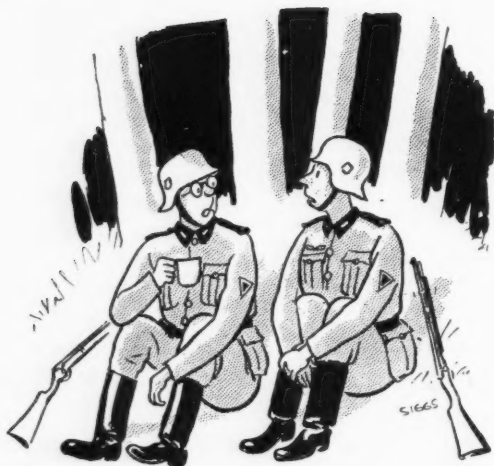
'Twill pass and be gone; but that moment of bliss you  
Will quickly renew when the next looms ahead,  
And, mark you, there needn't be two sheets of tissue  
'Twixt you and that passionate red.

It may be she'll find that a masculine band'll  
Spread out in her wake, and 'twill rile her perhaps,  
But what will they be but as moths to the candle,  
Mere flutt'ers and innocent chaps?

And you that so often have had to remind her  
To stick in that torch, and to see that it's done,  
What comfort to feel, if she leaves it behind her,  
That you needn't bother, for one!

I still could go large on this happy invention;  
There's more to be said, and I stop with regret,  
But candour, my strong point, compels me to mention  
That I've not set eyes on it yet. DUM-DUM.





"The blackberry-leaf coffee is passable, but I can't stand the coffee-leaf jam."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Patriot and European

As politicians go, Dr. EDUARD BENEŠ is still a young man, and a further spell of public activity is hopefully to be predicted for him. Moreover, for the story of what he has so far done, many essential documents are as yet unavailable. Any book about him must therefore be doubly incomplete. But as an interim report *Beneš of Czechoslovakia* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 8/6) is almost wholly satisfactory. Mr. GODFREY LIAS is an admirer who keeps cool in judgment and, without undue simplification, he skilfully unravels a tangled tale. One might have wished for a fuller discussion of the rights and wrongs of the fatal Sudeten question, but the cases of Czechoslovakia against Hungary on the one hand and Poland on the other are presented with full fairness to both parties. Of the charge of land-grabbing Mr. LIAS effectively clears his hero: at Paris, Dr. BENEŠ had more forced on him than he asked for or desired by a Big Four determined not to give an acre more than they could help to the ex-enemy. For he is not only a great patriot but a good European. He worked hard and generously for peace and unity in Central Europe, and no one did more than he to make the League a success. Its failure was very bitter to him. Mr. LIAS's most exhilarating pages are those which show BENEŠ, in collaboration with his great senior partner, MASARYK, patiently building a State. His most depressing are those which recall the events of 1938.

#### Aerial Activity

The tale of a trial can never be wholly uninteresting. Mr. R. S. LAMBERT, in recounting the inner history of the much-discussed "Mongoose" slander action, has the double advantage of being a practised writer able to make full play with the human values in his drama and at the same time

plaintiff in the suit and very much the hero of the piece. Happily for dramatic propriety his courageous stand on a matter of principle is rewarded in verdict and sweeping damages, and he is able to close his story on a note of restrained triumph. Some of the earlier acts he found very far from pleasant. It is less fortunate perhaps that the trial occupies only about a third of his beautifully named *Ariel and All His Quality* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), for it is so mixed up with the personalities and the domestic economy and the departmental organisation of Broadcasting House that even the most moderate criticism of that great if occasionally infantile institution might have come with better grace in a separate volume. None the less as editor of *The Listener* for ten years the writer must have heard quite a lot of radio and he speaks with authority. His criticisms range between complaints of perpetual changes in policy and dissatisfaction with official inflexibility.

#### Wool, War and a Woman

In earlier novels Miss PHYLLIS BENTLEY has depicted, with the hand of authority, the woolmen of Yorkshire in prosperity and adversity. She has shown how they fared under the Industrial Revolution and in the days which followed and were conditioned by that disaster. Now she regards their remoter fortunes. *Take Courage* (GOLLANCZ, 9/6) is a tale of that century in which politics and theology were one, and theology was the supreme reality, and politics were therefore a passion. It moves deliberately from the ever-growing troubles of the first CHARLES to the dubiously happy restoration of the second; through the embittered strife of ideologies, affecting even simple men; through civil war, dictatorship, anarchy and reaction. Those things, of which we all know something, loom mightily in the background: the figures which, under their shadow and influence, play out their parts in the foreground have, though unknown to fame, an equal historical warrant. But if Miss BENTLEY has found her CLARKSONS and THORPES and FERRANDS in dusty documents and folios she has taken a poet's licence to revivify them. The old woman whom she makes tell her story is no mere name in a parish register. "All passions spent" but with the joy of life undiminished, she looks back on a girl who was married to a stern-faced Puritan and loved a laughing Cavalier, and in language which bespeaks the contemporary both of SAMUEL PEPYS and of WILLIAM PENN she recreates at once the critical days of a nation's history, a society of solid unpretentious folk in their time and place, and a personal drama to hold one's attention for its own sake.



"My dear, what a pretty hat she's wearing!"





Major-General (addressing the men before practising an attack behind the lines). "I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A REHEARSAL AND THE REAL THING. THERE ARE THREE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES: FIRST, THE ABSENCE OF THE ENEMY. NOW (turning to the Regimental Sergeant-Major) WHAT IS THE SECOND DIFFERENCE?"

Sergeant-Major. "THE ABSENCE OF THE GENERAL, SIR."

C. A. Shepperson, February 7th, 1917

### Biography of a Best-Seller

It is not every reviewer who can remember impinging on a grown-up party at which a plump middle-aged little lady, in a debutante's simple white gown ablaze with an enormous diamond brooch, was the centre of attraction. Yet this souvenir of *Marie Corelli* (CONSTABLE, 12/-)—who had just added *Temporal Power* to *The Sorrows of Satan* and *The Mighty Atom*—does confirm the absurd yet somehow superb vitality which gave an essentially vulgar person purveying essentially vulgar fiction something of the élan of genius. MARIE, who captivated KING EDWARD and almost matrimonially ensnared LIPTON, whose work extorted admiration from Father IGNATIUS and Mr. GLADSTONE, deserves a much more lightheanded and profound biographer than Mr. GEORGE BULLOCK. He has written a

somewhat unrefined life of an unrefined Victorian eccentric; but he has failed to note that MARIE's real appeal—however ridiculously put—was an appeal to permanent and enduring values as well as to Victorian ones. He indicts her—apropos of her aversion to the PANKHURSTS—of being no friend to progress. But SHAKESPEARE too was no friend to progress; and in this, as in their common devotion to Stratford, MARIE held with the Bard.

### Ancestral America

From a land of loopholes (with Indians and French on the unfriendly side of them) to the comparatively settled conditions of 1806 is a momentous fifty years of American history; and to follow the ramifying fortunes of a single family through seven hundred close-knit pages of it, is, for

an English reader, no small feat. One remembers—because poetry sticks—when “Braddock’s army was done so brown”; but one is inclined to a vagueness approaching indifference about the respective merits of JEFFERSON and AARON BURR, who come on after. Luckily Miss ELIZABETH PAGE, while obviously devoting enormous pains to minute historical research, has instinctively lavished her best artistry on her *Howards, Peytons and Nortons*; and the spot-lit scenes by which (for good or evil) any historical novel is usually remembered are not the political happenings—even the momentous sedition trial rather hangs fire. *Howard’s* first encounter with the drunken Southern “bloods”; his delightful proposal to *Jane Peyton*; their wild “infare” in the Shenandoah Valley, and *Jane’s* distracted intervention at her *Norton* daughter’s death-bed are the exploits with which *The Tree of Liberty* (COLLINS, 9/6) is most likely to captivate and keep an un-indigenous audience.

### Portrait of a Nazi Gentleman

Mr. H. W. BLOOD-RYAN claims to be an expert on German affairs. Having already dealt with the career of HERMANN GOERING, in two books, he now comes forward with a solid life of *Franz von Papen* (RICH AND COWAN, 18/-)—the man who, he maintains, is chiefly responsible for the present unfortunate condition of Europe. Without PAPER there would have been no HITLER, according to our author. “Von Papen handed Hitler power on a platter when the Nazi party was broken and discredited.” Certainly his life has not been without incident and variety. Unlike most Nazi personalities he was born an aristocrat and a Catholic: unlike them also he is represented as being possessed of perfect manners and natural charm. But early in 1914 he was sent out to America as Military attaché to the German Embassy in Washington with orders to foment revolt and sabotage in the U.S.A. and in Mexico in order to divert attention from affairs in Europe. The work he did out there is now pretty well known, owing to his genius for leaving important papers about, ready to the hands of searchers. The counterfoils of his cheque-book, several of which are reproduced in this volume, gave away many of his unfortunate subordinates in America: many other important documents were left behind later on when he had to leave Jerusalem in a hurry to escape the attentions of ALLENBY’s army. Since then his adventures have been numerous. He narrowly escaped death in the “purge” of 1934; atoned by working for the Austrian *Anschluss* and by diplomatic efforts in Scandinavia, Turkey and Russia; and has no doubt more vicissitudes in store for the future. Mr. BLOOD-RYAN has compiled an interesting story, but his writing

is inexcusably careless, and too often he has fallen into the habit of treating his subject rather as though he were the hero of a novel.

### Guilty or Not Guilty?

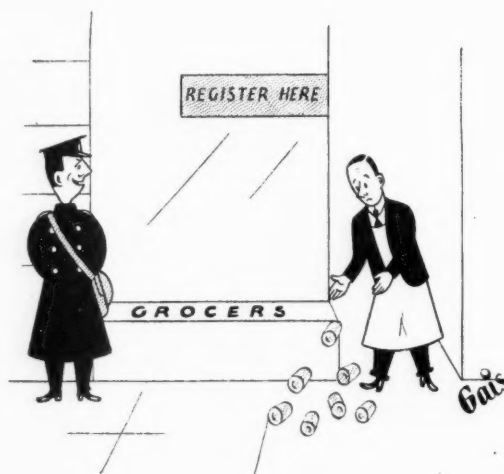
Although the theme of *Verdict of Twelve* (COLLINS, 7/6) is the trial of a vulgar aunt for the murder of a small, and queer, nephew, Mr. RAYMOND POSTGATE’s acute sense of the ridiculous prevents it from becoming in the least gruesome and grim. As a start to his story Mr. POSTGATE gives accounts, brief and not so brief, of the twelve jurors whose verdict was so vitally important to *Rosalie van Beer*, and at once we are faced with a situation that certainly does not lack piquancy; for the first juror to whom the Clerk of Assize administered the oath was herself a murderess. In

describing one or two scenes during the trial Mr. POSTGATE allows himself to be almost riotously funny, but he quickly recovers his poise and the conclusion of his tale is one of which anyone familiar with the composition of the jury will warmly approve.

### Stale Mates

Readers of blurbs will, if they are wise, miss the one in *This Way Out* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6), for there they can find a piece of information which they may reasonably prefer to discover for themselves. But whether they do or do not restrain their curiosity, Mr. JAMES RONALD’s story of a marriage that was a prolonged period of misery for the husband is written with so much understanding and sympathy that, up to a point, it can be freely recommended. Possibly some of us who were wholeheartedly on *Philip Marshall’s* side in his earlier troubles may not be able to see eye to eye with him when he feels himself compelled to deal with an additional crisis. But however that may be, Mr. RONALD has created a character whose trials and temptations will not easily be forgotten.

“One of the best-known stories of school life,” *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*, by CHARLES TURLEY, has been published in a new five-shilling edition by FREDERICK MULLER. There are illustrations by “FOUGASSE,” and an appreciation by IAN HAY in which he repeats his opinion, first expressed more than twenty-five years ago, that this is a great book, because it makes “the ordinary uneventful round of school life . . . entirely convincing and of absorbing interest.” The “Cliborough” of the story being Cheltenham, the dust-wrapper is brilliant with the Cheltenham colours. It also bears two pleasing “FOUGASSE” impressions of *Godfrey* “before” and “after.”



“Heb, heb, margarine fingers!”

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